

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

No. 6.]

BOSTON, DEC. 15, 1824.

[VOL. 2. N.S.]

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### AUTUMNAL STANZAS.

THE winds are pillow'd, the sun is shining,  
As if it delighted to cheer the land ;  
Though Autumn's tints are around declining,  
And Decay rears altars on either hand.  
O'er western mountains the dark clouds hover,  
Foretelling the chill of approaching showers ;  
The Summer pride of the woods is over,  
And droop in languor the seeded flowers.

Behold the fields that so lately nourish'd  
For man their treasures of golden grain ;  
Behold the gardens that glowing flourish'd  
With all the splendours of Flora's train ;  
Behold the groves that with leaf and blossom  
Murmured at eve to the west wind's sway,—  
Lo ! all proclaim to the pensive bosom,  
We are of earth, and we pass away !

Oh, thus by the wimpling brook's meander,  
On a Sabbath morn, when all is still,  
It is pure and serene delight to wander,  
For peace encompasseth vale and hill ;  
And the warning tints of the earth before us,  
And the chasten'd hues of the skies above,  
And the red ash leaves that dangle o'er us,  
Like lessons of Faith to the spirit prove.

'Tis now that the thoughtful heart, pervaded  
By a spell that quenches all earthward strife,  
In submission broods over prospects faded,  
And in colours real sees mortal life.  
Oh, shame now to the dark revealings  
Of anger and spleen towards brother man !  
Oh shame to guilt, and all sullied feelings,  
Which midnight consciences shrink to scan !

When we list to the hermit robin singing,  
With a warning voice, 'mid fading bowers,  
Think we not then how life is winging  
On to the tomb, which must soon be ours !  
The past—the past, like a mournful story,  
Lies traced on the map of thought unfurl'd ;  
And the future reveals the promised glory  
Of unending spring in another world !

Where are the visions that flash'd and cheated,  
With aurora beauty, our youthful sight ?  
The hopes that we nursed, are they not defeated ?  
Are the loves that bless'd us not quench'd in night ?  
And thus, in abstracted meditation,  
Over vanish'd beauty the spirit grieves,  
Joys lost—friends gone to death's silent nation,  
Are to the heart but its wither'd leaves.

#### PERIODS : WREATHS.

Weave thee a wreath of woodbine, Child !  
'Twill suit thy infant brow ;  
It runs up free in the woodlands wild,  
As tender and frail as thou.

He bound his brow with a woodbine wreath,  
And smiled his playful eye,  
And he lightly skipped o'er the blossomed heath,  
In his young heart's ecstasy.

I saw him not till his manly brow  
Was clouded with thought and care,  
And the smile of youth, and its beauty, now  
No longer wanted there.

Go, twine thee a crown of the ivy tree,  
And gladden thy loaded breast :  
Bright days may yet shine out for thee,  
And thy bosom again know rest.

Long years rolled on ; and I saw again  
His form in hoary age ;  
His forehead was deeply furrowed then,  
In life's last feeble stage.

O be thy crown, old Man ! I said,  
Of the yew and the cypress made,  
A garland meet for thy silvered head,  
Ere it low in the tomb be laid.

And such is Life, and such is Man  
In his fleeting course below ;  
His little day, that in joy began,  
Must proceed and end in woe ;

But another day shall weave for him  
A garland that will not die,  
And his cup of bliss shall o'erflow its brim,—  
He shall live eternally.

## GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

### THE BARGE'S CREW.

"Then stretch out and pull away, jolly boys,  
To the mercy of fortune we go;  
We're in for it now,—'tis a folly, boys,  
To be down-hearted, yo, ho!"

**L**ET me see—let me see—who was the last man? Oh, aye, Jack Junk, Billy C——, and the grey mare; and that reminds me too that the grey mare is often the better horse;—ax Sir——, else which on 'em carries the Admiral's flag? But I sharn't spin my yarn to-day, though I've got Junk to work upon, if I don't turn the winch better. Jack Junk was a man-of-war's-man every inch of him. He was brought to bed—no, no, I mean born in an arm-chest, cradled in a frigate, rocked by the billows, and nursed by the Captain of the fore-castle. He soon came to be a plaything for all hands, quaffed his grog and chewed his pigtail like an angel. As soon as he could speak, the Boatswain's Mate tutored him in the vulgar tongue, taught him to wind his whistle, and whistle to the wind. At six years of age, he had larned to read from the lids of bacca-boxes; and then he served as a powder-monkey under Hawke, and took to squinting because he would watch two guns at the same time, but he supplied his own the best. His head-sheets were flattened in by a spent wad. Well, he went through the usual gradations, from Boatswain's boy to Quarter-master, and always did his duty like a Briton. Jack's in Greenwich now, (for he lost his arm in Duckworth's action in the West Ingees,) and we often cuff away an hour talking about the Barge and old times. Alongside of him, upon the same thwart, was Jem Head-fast, a steady old boy, who had been round the other side of the world, and outside of the world, along with Cook. Many a mid-watch he's kept our ports open listening to his tales about their discoveries off Cape Flyaway, and drinking grog with the man in the moon; how he carried the princess Lotochechowquanquischechimo, sister to King Longtomjackjemjerryjoe, at one of the Society Isles; how he converted them all, and was going to be made head chief, when the Captain

cotch'd him, and give him two dozen for running away; how the giants at Paddygonia were fifteen feet high, and carried their head under their arms; how the New Zealanders were savages, and eat human flesh, and he called them Anthonypopinjays, I think, or some such name; how kind all the ladies were at the Sandwich Isles; and last, how poor Cook was killed. Jem had a kindly heart, and after weathering many a gale and fighting many a battle, he was wrecked in the St. George 98, upon the coast of Jutland; but his life was saved. "That was a dreadful night indeed, (said Jem;) our ship lay struggling upon her beam-ends, groaning and writhing like a giant in the agonies of death, and the darkness which surrounded us was the darkness of the grave. Oh with what anguish we heard the shrieks of our messmates as they buffeted with the waves, and saw their dark forms for a moment while struggling on the white foam of the billows; and then the sea closed over them, and they sank to rise no more! The jury-masts were gone, and every hope had vanished. Hundreds had been washed away by the breakers that beat over us, and the ship could not be expected to hold together much longer. It was determined to get the Admiral upon deck, for he had retired as every exertion was unavailing. I and another descended through the sky-light into the cabin; the lamp was still burning, and threw its dim rays so as just to lighten up the gloomy scene. The Admiral sat in his chair, which was lashed to the deck, his arms folded on the table, and his head resting on them. He raised himself as we approached; but never shall I forget the countenance. He was a father—he was a husband, and his heart fainted within him. Only those who have been in danger like ours can tell the nature of the feelings at such a moment, when every blast is the seaman's knell, and every wave a summons to eternity. He did not fear to die, but he thought of the anguish of those whom he should never see again. I yet see before my eyes the sickly paleness of his face and the



agitation of his look. We slung him, with a couple of ropes under the arms, and he was hoisted upon deck. The officers who remained assisted to secure him to the stump of the mizen-mast. A lantern was brought, and the few survivors who were near, clinging to whatever they could hold by, crowded round, and joined in the prayers which were read by one of the officers. Oh! what a moment was that, when every heart poured forth its petition in fervency of spirit, while death was waiting to receive his prey. Before the officer had closed the book, and while the Amen yet trembled on their lips, a wild shriek was heard from forward. The wave came like a huge mountain, curling its monstrous head, sparkling with foam, which rendered it more horrible in the blackness of the night—it struck the ship, rending her fore and aft, and engulfed us in its dark abyss. There was a loud yell—it grew fainter—and all was hushed but the howling of the gale and the roaring of the billows. Myself and eleven others alone were saved." Poor Jem, however, was reserved for another fate; for, at the close of the war, he became an out-pensioner; but, still desirous of braving the ocean, he shipped in a West Ingee-man, and made two or three voyages; but the last trip they were taken by the Pirates, and all hands murdered. Jem used to come and visit us old hulks at Greenwich; and one day he told us a rum-story of a North-country lad, apprenticed to a Newcastle-man. "D'ye see, (says Jem,) we were laying just below the Dock-gates at Blackwall, waiting for water in, when a Collier brig brought up, and swung alongside of us; and having nothing much to do, we went below to dinner. Well, aboard comes one of their apprentices to beg a little sugar. Taking off his hat, he preferred his petition to a huge baboon of the Captain's dressed in a blue jacket and trowsers, with a great furry cap, that was seated on a cask upon the quarter-deck. Jacko took no notice of him, except to grin a bit, while the poor fellow kept booing and booing, like Sir Pertinax Mac-

sycophant in the play; but, finding all his requests were disregarded, he came forward, and was descending the fore-scuttle, when we demanded what the lad wanted, and whether he couldn't find any body upon deck? "Eh, (says Jock,) I saw the auld gentleman of a mate aft there—a deadly sulky-looking sort of a body too, but he would nae answer me."—"Hush! (says the Boatswain,) he'll hear you. That isn't the Mate, but a passenger we brought home from the island of Jamaica. He's a very rich sugar-baker, but dreadfully cross and spiteful—we're all afraid of him."—"Eh, be good unto us! (returned the simple lad;) are all the sugar-bakers like unto him? They must be a main comical set!" He was directed to go down the half-deck and take a little out of a cask; but he wouldn't attempt it till one of his companions descended with him. "Eh, Jammie, (says the first,) did you nae see the ootlandish passenger body sitting aft on the quarter-deck?"—"Na, Jock, (replied the other,) wha was it?"—"I dinna ken, but they tellit me he was a sugar-baker from Jemakee; but such an ugly cat-faced looking——Eh, Sir! (taking off his hat on observing the monkey grinning at 'em down the hatchway as if listening)—Eh, Sir, 'twas nae you we were talking aboot, but anither gentleman, a sugar-baker in Soonderland. Eh, Sir, we would nae offend your countenance for the warld!" However, no persuasions could induce them to come on deck till they were convinced that the gentleman passenger had forgiven them, and gone quietly to his cabin.

Upon the next thwart was Joe Hendersen, him as is Boatswain of the yacht building at Woolwich. Joe was a hair-brained, careless fellow, but open and free-hearted; ready for any thing, so that it did but promise mischief. He was in the *Triumph* at the Mutiny, and was bow-man of the barge. Well, when Sir E—— left the ship, the boat landed at Sallyport, and Joe runs out the gang-board, while he observed a rough-looking Captain waiting on the beach, who hailed their old skipper with, "Good morning, Sir

Erasmus, good morning."—"Good morning, Captain E——, (replied Sir Erasmus;) I understand you are appointed to the Triumph, and I am very sorry to say you will have a set of mutinous scoundrels to deal with."—"Never fear, Sir Erasmus, I am as mutinous as any of them, and I have no doubt they will speedily discover it." So after shaking hands he jumped into the boat, and they pulled aboard. Well, the hands were turned up, the commission was read, and every one expected a speech, and a speech they had. "I'll tell you what it is, my men: I would advise you to keep a sharp look-out, or I'll hang one half of you." This made them feel

comical; and as soon as the Boat-swain's Mate piped down, a meeting was summoned to know whether they shouldn't send him ashore again; but an old Quarter-master advised to try him first, for says he, "I knows the gemman—he came in at the hawse-holes, and understands what a seaman is; therefore it arn't fair to shove him out of the cabin windows." This settled it, and they never had cause to repent of their delay. But I haven't time to tell you more now, Mr. Editor; however, I'll try and recollect something else about Joe and Captain E—and the old Triumphs, as, d'ye see, they are all connected with the Barge's Crew. AN OLD SAILOR.

#### LETTER FROM WILLIAM COBBETT

TO MR. JAMES, AUTHOR OF NAVAL OCCURRENCES, &c.

Kensington, 22d July, 1824.

YOU have sent me a copy of the above named work, with a note containing your '*compliments*.' In page 359 of the work, you quote the following words from the New Annual Register for 1814. 'It would seem, too, that, when we were victorious over the Americans by sea, we were generally indebted for our success, to a greater superiority than even they had when they were successful.' This was perfectly true; and even far within the truth; for, in many cases, they were victorious with an *inferior force*, both in men and guns. Yet, having quoted this remark from the Annual Register, you ask: 'Could an American Editor, or Mr. Cobbett, have uttered a more *unblushing falsehood* than is contained in this effusion of *spleen*? And that, too, from so *respectable* a work as the Annual Register?'

After this, no respectable man will expect me to treat you with any sort of *ceremony*. I am about to remark on the book that you have sent me, and in which I find the above passage; and I shall unquestionably ascribe its infinite mass of lies to *intention*, to what it is evidently meant to obtain you, namely, the favour of Blue and Buff, and the sale of your poor, shuffling, badly written book, before you attempted to make which, you ought to have besought some one to teach you how to put words into sentences.

Before I proceed to remark on the contents of your book, I will observe, that I had given you no sort of *provocation* to speak of me as a notorious retailer of impudent falsehoods. You published your book, it seems, in 1817. Not only then had I never offended you; not only had I never even heard of you; but, never di

hear of you or your work; never once heard either named, until Capt. Phillimore, by going to your house and beating you, introduced you and your book to the public.

Another preliminary remark. The moment I heard of the beating, I said, that I strongly suspected that you *deserved it*; not for exposing the faults of the naval officers; but for your endeavours to *hide those faults* and to *gloss over* the shocking disgraces which we incurred during the war with America. Never, as I shall clearly show, was suspicion better founded! Nothing can have a more mischievous tendency. It is to do all that you can to prevent such a change in the Navy as shall enable us to face the foe another time. It is basely sacrificing the interests of the country to your own interest, gratified by the sale of your book to those whom you flattered and apologized for. Never did man *better deserve a beating* from some hand or other; but, really, it was ungrateful in *Blue and Buff* to lay on the stick! The devil will, I should suppose, pretty nearly get you for the lies that you have told to screen Blue and Buff; and, for *them* to beat you! Oh! it is too much! I would, if I were in your place, put forward, to the Court of King's Bench, the great merit, public spirit, and patriotism shown by my lying at such an uncommon rate. 'Here,' I would say, 'see, my Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury, how I have lied for the honour of our beloved country!' And then, turning round my naked shoulders, I would exclaim, 'and, behold my reward!'

I shall now make some remarks on your book, which, from its very manner of beginning, from its very tone at the outset, bids us expect a tissue of *miserable apologies*. When, *un'til now*, did the historian of



English naval fights think it necessary to write a preliminary essay on the nature of timber and shot, on weight of metal, on the effect of this or that sort of powder, and the like? But, I am a little before my story, and will return to it presently. When, until now, did the historian of English naval fights think it necessary to set out with a sweeping declaration, that *all the accounts of the enemy were false*? With boundless abuse of all belonging to that enemy? These are very bad signs: and these signs we find in almost every page of your history. I have only to notice your base attack on the American Commander, Porter, in order to show how shameless your conduct has been in this respect.

In your preface, you say, that you shall not meddle with the *causes* of the war. That was a very *impartial* resolution to be sure! The cause of the war was a very singular one, and was very necessary to be mentioned. You would not say any thing either, as to the *manner* in which it was conducted by the two parties. Why so shy upon these points? You can go out of your way often enough to abuse the Americans collectively and individually; and yet you will not say a word upon the cause of the war, of the manner of conducting it! Singular forbearance, in a man whose every page teems with abuse of the enemy!

With your leave, I will, however, say a little upon both these points; and, if there be any blood beneath that skin of yours; if there be any pores in that skin through which for the blood to appear, pray, Mr. James, do prepare to treat us to a little blush for once in your lifetime.

The cause of the war, and the *sole* cause of the war, was the *impressment* of *American seamen* on board of American ships by English men of war on the high seas. This was the sole cause of the war. And was it not cause enough? Was there ever any thing more unjust, cruel, or tyrannical, than to take Americans out of their ships, put them on board of our ships of war, take them for years away from their home, parents, and friends; compel them to expose their lives in fighting for us, and fighting too against their own friends and allies? This was the real and sole cause of the war; and it ought to have been stated by a man who was about to give an account of the manner in which these Americans fought to avenge their wrongs.

Now, as connected with this matter, let me come to your abuse of Commodore Porter; and, in observing upon that abuse, I will show what a surprising hypocrite you are. You tell us at page 85, that Sir James Lucas Yeo felt indignant, at reading in the public papers of the ill treatment of a "*British Sailor*" by Captain, or Commodore Porter. You tell us that Sir James expressed his contempt of Captain Porter for "*this ill treatment of a British Sailor.*" You tell us that Sir James Lucas Yeo was very likely to express his *abhorrence* of the

occasion of this treatment. Your humanity breaks forth upon this occasion. You rival Sir James in his tender feelings for the poor British sailor. In short, the exceedingly well known humanity of all such persons, seems to have been very predominant upon this occasion. But here you were less cunning than you generally have been. You give us the injured British subject's *deposition*. You were foolish for that. You should have confined yourself to a round assertion *without any particulars*. Particulars are always injurious to historians like you. You begin the story of the ill-treated British subject thus: "Shortly after the declaration of war, Captain Porter ill-used a British subject, for *refusing to fight against his country.*" You should have *stopped there*; for, though every one who knows any thing of the Americans would have been sure that this is a most wicked lie; yet as only a small part of the people of England do know the Americans in this respect, the lie might have passed currently enough; but you, like a very foolish man, must refer to the New-York paper for the truth of your assertion; and must insert, forsooth, the deposition of the *ill-used* Englishman, who was, and who proves himself to have been, a most profligately fraudulent scoundrel, who deserved a hundred thousand times the punishment that Captain Porter inflicted upon him. However, here is the scoundrel's deposition, as inserted by yourself.

"The deposition states, that John Ewing was born in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England; that he resided within the United States since 1800, and has never been naturalized; that, on the 14th of October, 1811, he entered on board the *Essex*, and joined her at Norfolk; that Captain Porter, on the 25th of June, 1812, caused all hands to be piped on deck to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and gave them to understand, that any man who did not choose to do so should be discharged; that when deponent heard his name called, he told the Captain that, *being a British subject*, he must refuse taking the oath; on which the Captain spoke to the petty officers, and told them that they must pass sentence upon him; that they then put him into the petty launch which lay alongside the frigate, and here *poured a bucket of tar over him*, and then laid on a *quantity of feathers*, having first stripped him naked from the waist; that they then rowed him ashore, *stern foremost*, and landed him. That he wandered about, from street to street, in this condition, until Mr Ford took him into his shop, to save him from the crowd then beginning to assemble; that he staid there until the police magistrate took him away, and put him in the city-prison for protection, where *he was cleansed and clothed*. None of the citizens molested or insulted him. He says he had a protection, which he bought of a man in Salem, of the same name and description with himself, for four shillings and six pence, which

he got renewed at the Custom-House, Norfolk! He says he gave, as an additional reason to the Captain why he did not choose to fight against his country, that if he should be taken prisoner, he would certainly be hung.

Here, then, this villain confesses that he entered on board the American ship Essex, and got the bounty, of course; that he did this as an American citizen; that he imposed upon the American Captain and officers, by means of a certificate of birth, which he had bought at Salem, from an American of the same name and description with himself; and that he had even got the certificate renewed at Norfolk. He could not get this done without a false oath; but, when the scoundrel was called up to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, he, with his false certificate in his pocket, put forward his character of British subject, in order to get discharged, and to cheat the United States out of the bounty!

And, Mr. James, humane Mr. James, this is the British subject, is it, on account of whose treatment, by Captain Porter, Sir James Lucas Yeo felt so indignant! Oh! hypocrisy! these are the days of thy power! But, come, Mr. Historian, Mr. Sincerity; come, what was this ill-treatment?—Was it flaying alive, or pretty nearly flaying alive, such as we shall see an innocent and gallant American seaman experiencing? No; Captain Porter, or rather his 'petty officers, tarred and feathered the atrocious, the fraudulent, the hypocritical, the perjured villain. They then rowed him ashore, 'stern foremost,' and landed him. He was, and Captain Porter knew very well that he would be 'cleansed and clothed' by the people of Norfolk; and there the detestable villain was left to claim his birth-right as an Englishman, to enjoy the friendship of Sir James Lucas Yeo and to have you for his historian and eulogist!

Now for a proof of your sincerity. You know very well what had been the treatment of American seamen impressed by our ships of war; but, not one single word would you say of that. I have recently republished the case of James Tompkins, of Ulster county, New York; but I will here republish it again. The reader will observe, that these things were the cause of the war, and of all the disgrace that arose out of that war.

"Duchess County, state of New-York---ss:

"James Tompkins, being sworn, saith, that he is a native of Ulster county, opposite Poughkeepsie; that he sailed out of New-York in the month of April, 1812, in the ship Minerva, bound to Ireland; that, on the homeward-bound passage, in July after, this deponent, with three other American seamen, Samuel Davis, William Young, and John Brown, were impressed, and taken on board of the British ship Action, David Smith, Captain. We were taken on Saturday evening; on Monday morning we were brought to the gangway, and informed we must enter on board ship, and live as other seamen, or we should live on oatmeal and water, and receive five dozen

lashes. This deponent says, himself and the other three impressed with him, did refuse to enter, and each of them were then whipped five dozen lashes. On Wednesday following we were again brought up, and had the same offer made to us to enter, which we refused, and we were again whipped five dozen lashes each. On Saturday after, the like offer was made to us, and, on our refusal, we were again whipped three dozen lashes each. On Monday following, still refusing to enter, we were again whipped two dozen each. On Wednesday following we were again whipped one dozen each and ordered to be taken below and put in irons till we did enter; and the Captain said, he would punish the damned Yankee rascals till they did enter. We were then put in irons, and laid in irons three months. During the time of our impressment the ship had an action, and captured a French ship. Before this action, we were taken out of irons, and asked to fight, but we refused; and after the action, we were again ironed, till the ship arrived at London. After arriving there, we first heard of the war with America, and that the Guerriere was taken. This deponent took his shirt, Samuel Davis and Wm. Young took their handkerchiefs, made stripes and stars for the American colours, and hung it over a gun, and gave three cheers for the victory. The next morning at six o'clock, we were brought up and whipped two dozen lashes each, for huzzaing for the Yankee flag. Shortly after this we were all released, by the assistance of the American Consul and Captain Hall, who knew us. This deponent further saith, that they had all protections, and showed them and claimed to be Americans at the time they were impressed. JAMES TOMPKINS."

"Sworn before me, this 17th day of April, 1813, at which time the said James Tompkins showed me his wrists, which, at his request, I examined, and there appeared to be marks and scars on both of them, occasioned, as I suppose, from his having been in irons. WM. W. BOGARDUS, Just. Peace."

I call upon the reader to compare the treatment of these four innocent, gallant, and faithful men, with the treatment of the villain for whom you affect to have felt so much compassion. I beg of the reader to observe, that you say not one word of these instances of intolerable oppression; that you keep a guarded silence upon this subject; I beg of the reader to observe this, and then I am sure he will not want any thing to enable him to make a just estimate of your sincerity. I do not, and I never did, take upon me to VOUCH for the truth of these American affidavits. I say, as I always said, that there is not a man on earth who would more sincerely rejoice to see these affidavits contradicted in form, and from authority. But, never have they been thus contradicted; and they contained a statement of those allegations which, true or false, produced that war of indelible disgrace to England, to disguise or disfigure the facts of which war, is the object of the work of which you have sent me a copy; for which work you say that you have received the applause of the Duke of Clarence, and for which you have my hearty contempt.

I now return to notice the novelty of your manner of beginning to write a history of



English naval fights. As I observed before, one can see from the preface to your book, that it is going to contain a string of *miserable apologies*. Your whole book contains 528 pages of your own writing, 100 pages of which are occupied with preparing the reader for the defeats which are to follow. What, employ a hundred pages in order to show that the English ships could not be expected to be a match for the American ships! The sight of these hundred pages is quite enough for any moderate man. However, my readers shall have a little specimen of your preparatory motions. They shall see your ingenious string of reasons why the American frigate Constitution ought to beat and capture the Guerriere!

What would, at any former time, have been said of such an attempt? An attempt to prove that an English ship ought to be beaten by an American frigate. However, let us first quote the passage, and remark upon it afterwards. It is the beginning of a Chapter. You plead as if it were for your life. Had you been the Captain of the Guerriere you yourself could not have pleaded with more zeal. I am sure that the reader will say that this extract itself ought to have saved your back from the wrath of Sir John Phillimore.

"From the battle of Trafalgar to the peace of 1815, [you begin far off, indeed!] three-fourths of the British navy, at sea, were constantly employed in blockading the fleets of their enemies. Of the remainder, such as escaped the dull business of convoying, cruised about; but the only hostile ships that, in general, crossed their tracks, were disguised neutrals from whom no hard knocks could be expected. Once a year or so, the capture of a French frigate by a British one gave a momentary fillip to the service.

"A succession of insipid cruises necessarily begat, among both officers and men, habits of inattention. The situation of gunner on board our ships became almost a sinecure. A twenty years' war of itself, was sufficient to wear out the strength of our seamen; but a laxity of discipline, in all the essentials of a man of war's man, produced a much more sensible effect.

"Instead of the sturdy occupation of handling the ships' guns, now seldom used but on salutes, the men were taught to polish the traversing-bars, elevating screws, copper on the bits, &c. by way of ornament to the quarter-deck. Such of the crew as escaped this menial office, (from the unnecessary wear it occasions, lately forbidden by an order from the Board of Admiralty) were set to reefing and unreefing the top-sails, against time, preparatory to a match with any other of His Majesty's ships that might happen to fall in company.

"Many were the noble exceptions to this, and many were the commanders, who, despising what was either finical or useless, and still hoping to signalize themselves by some gallant exploit, spared no pains, consistent with their limited means and the restraints of the service, to have their ships, at all times, as men of war should be, in *boxing trim*.

"As Napoleon extended his sway over the European continent, the British navy, that perpetual blight upon his hopes, required to be extended also. British oak and British seamen, alike scarce, contract-ships were

hastily built up with soft wood and light frames; and then, manned with an *impressed crew*, chiefly of raw hands and small boys, sent forth to assert the rights, and maintain the character, of Britons, upon the ocean. In June, 1812, when the war with America commenced, the British navy consisted of 746 ships in commission. Had these have been cleared of *all the foreigners and ineffective hands*, how many ships would the remainder have properly manned?

"To the long duration of war, and the rapid increase of the navy, may be added a third cause of the scarcity of seamen; the enormous increase of the army. In December, 1812, we had, in regulars alone, 229,149 men. How many frigates could have been manned, and well manned, too, by draughts from the light dragoons and the light infantry regiments? Nor is there a question--so inviting were the bounties--that *prime seamen* would have enlisted in both.

"The crews of our ships experienced a fourth reduction in strength by the establishment, about six years ago, of the battalion-marines; a corps embodied for the purpose of acting on shore in conjunction with the seamen and marines of the ships. The battalion-marines, about 2000 in number, consisted of the *pick* of the Royal marines, which, accordingly, became reduced to weak, undersized men, and very young recruits. Marines ought to be among the stoutest men in the ship, because until engaged in close action, their station is at the guns, where great physical strength is required. Except on a few occasions in Canada and the Chesapeake, the battalion marines, altho' as fine a body of men as any in the two services, have remained comparatively idle.

"The *canker worm* that, in the shape of neglect, had so long been preying upon the vitals of the British navy, could not exist among the few ships composing the navy of the United States. America's half a dozen frigates claimed the whole of her attention. These she had constructed upon the most improved principles, both for sailing and for war. Considering that the ramparts of a battery should have, for one object, the shelter of the men stationed at it, she had built up the sides of her ships in the most compact manner; and the utmost ingenuity had been exerted, and expense bestowed, in their final equipment.

"With respect to seamen, America had, for many years previous to the war, been *decoying the men from our ships* by every artful stratagem. The best of these were rated as petty officers. Many British seamen had entered on board American merchant vessels; and the numerous non-intercourse and embargo bills, in existence at different periods during the four years preceding the war, threw many merchant sailors out of employment. So that the U. S. ships of war, in their preparations for active warfare, had to pick their compliments from a numerous body of seamen.

"Highly to the credit of the naval administration of the United States, the men were taught the practical rules of gunnery; and ten shot, with the necessary powder, were allowed to be expended in play, to make one hit in earnest.

"Very distinct from the American seamen, so called, are the American marines.

They are chiefly made up of natives of the country; and a deserter from the British would be here no acquisition. In the United States, every man may hunt or shoot among the wild animals of the forest. The young peasant or *back-woodsman* carries a a rifled-barrel gun the moment he can lift one to his shoulder, and woe to the duck or deer that attempts to pass him within fair range of piece. To collect these expert marksmen, when of a proper age, officers are sent into the western parts of the Union; and to embody and finish drilling them, a marine barrack is established near the city of Washington, from which depot the ships are regularly supplied.

"No one act of the little navy of the United States had been at all calculated to gain the respect of the British. First was seen the Chesapeake allowing herself to be beaten with impunity by a British ship, only nominally superior to her. Then the huge frigate *President* attacks, and fights for nearly three quarters of an hour, the British sloop *Little Belt*. And, even since the war, the same *President* at the head of a squadron, makes a bungling business of chasing the *Belvidere*.

"While, therefore, a feeling towards America, bordering on contempt, had unhappily possessed the mind of the British naval officer, rendering him more than usually careless and opinionative, the American naval officer, having been taught to regard his new foe with a portion of dread, sailed forth to meet him with the whole of his energies roused. A moment's reflection assured him that his country's honour was now in his hands; and what, in the breast of man could be a stronger incitement to extraordinary exertions?

"Thus situated were the navies of the two countries, when H. M. ship *Guerriere*, with damaged masts, a reduced compliment, and in absolute need of that thorough refit, for which she was then, after a very long cruise, speeding to Halifax, encountered the U. S. ship *Constitution*, seventeen days only from port, manned with a full compliment, and in all respects fitted for war."

Bravo! and yet cruel Blue and Buff gives you the bastinado! Was ever such a story as this told before! The Americans had decoyed our seamen away; they had got backwoodsmen put up into their tops; the canker-worm of neglect had been preying upon our poor navy; British oak had become scarce; ours were contract ships; they had been built in haste; with soft wood and light frames. We had seven hundred and forty-six ships in commission, but manned chiefly with impressed men, raw hands and small boys, a great number of both of whom were foreigners! Shocking state of things! the long war had made us forget how to fight; our officers as well as men had contracted the habit of inattention. We had lost our skill, our discipline, our strength of body, and our every thing that was good. According to you, Mr. James, "*Corinna*, pride of Drury Lane, for whom no shepherd sighs in vain," was not in a worse plight when she waked in the morning:

"A pigeon pick'd her issue peas,

"And flock her tresses fill'd with fleas."

I will quote no further; but this strolling strumpet does not, according the poet's ac-

count, appear to have been in a more miserable, destitute, forlorn, disordered, rascally, and rotten state, than that which you give us as the state of the British Navy. But, impudent liar; foul toad-eater; why did you forget to state, that this rascally, rotten thing, cost, at the very time you speak of, upwards of twenty millions a year! Verily, an historian worthy of Blue and Buff!

Then, from this poor old rotten thing; this worn-out, this battered, this dejected thing, you turn our attention to the half dozen nice American frigates, "constructed upon the most approved principles both for sailing and for war!" These were, surely, not those "half dozen of fir frigates with bits of striped bunting flying at their mast-heads," of which Mr. CANNING talked in that very year, 1812!

We had seven hundred and forty-six ships in commission; but what were these to the six frigates of the Americans! Constructed as they were upon the most approved principles! Bless us! Six dreadful frigates! We had seven hundred and forty more than they to be sure. But, then, we had no backwoodsmen to place in the round tops. Oh! backwoodsmen are the devil! and the worst of it is, that we shall never be able to get any backwoodsmen; so that, as far as this goes, we are sure to be beaten.

Such was your preface to the defeat of the *Guerriere*. As to the defeat itself; it produced a still more melancholy description. The *Guerriere*'s powder was damp; her mainmast had been struck by lightning some months previous to the action; she sailed very much by the head; but, the great thing of all appears to have been, that "*HER BREECHINGS WERE ROTTEN*," and she had no ropes left to repair her breechings! Shocking state to fight in! The strings of the waistband broken, and no tape to make new ones with! Look, then, compassionate reader, look at the poor *GUERRIERE*, with her breeches about her heels, and the *CONSTITUTION* laying on upon her hip and thigh!

It is impossible to be serious upon such a subject. Such pitiful, such miserable excuses never were offered before.

Amongst these excuses, there is, however, one worthy of particular notice. You say, or rather you ask: "Were it possible that the *Constitution* ship's company could have been inspected by the officers of the British navy, *how many*, besides the commissioned officers, and the riflemen, who would have proved to be native Americans?" You mean to insinuate that a large part of the crew were British seamen; but, Mr. James, suppose this to have been the case, yours were *all* British seamen; and what then is the conclusion? Why, that the victory was gained in consequence of the *Constitution* having *American officers*. You insinuate a falsehood, Mr. James; but, if it were a truth, it would only bring additional dishonour upon Blue and Buff. This, therefore, is a very bad excuse; not quite so ridiculous, but certainly much more suspicious, than the breaking loose of the guns, owing to the rottenness of the breechings.

I must notice here a circumstance well worthy of the reader's attention. It discovers to us a species of meanness which I believe to be without parallel previous to this disgraceful war. Captain Dacres, while a



prisoner at Boston, said in his official letter to Admiral Sawyer, "I feel it my duty to state, that the conduct of Captain Hull and his officers to our men, has been that of a brave enemy, the greatest care being taken to prevent our men from losing the smallest trifle, and the greatest attention being paid to the wounded." This is what Captain Dacres said at Boston. When, however, he came before the court-martial at Halifax, he accused these same American officers of breach of promise; and you, Mr. James, are pleased to add, that the English sailors were robbed by the Americans of the contents of their bags! You produce no proof of this; it is your bare assertion; and, I dare say, that one more false never was made.

The like of this meanness, however, happened in several instances. While prisoners with the Americans, great gratitude was frequently expressed for the kind and generous treatment which those prisoners received; but, at subsequent periods, these acknowledgments were retracted; and, in most cases, with very ungrateful accusations. And, here, (having omitted it before,) let me say a word or two on the manner of conducting the war. You decline to do this; and well you may; for the contrast is not such as would have suited your purpose.

When the war broke out, we had on board of our ships a great number of Americans, whom we had pressed in the manner in which James Tompkins and his three brave associates were impressed. We had, by the usual well-known means, compelled the poor fellows to serve us. We have recently seen an instance, in which it was sworn that one of them had a pistol placed to his temple, to compel him to fight against his own countrymen. But what did we do with them generally? Why, WE MADE THEM PRISONERS OF WAR! Answer that, Mr. James. We took them off the decks of our own ships, where many of them had been compelled to serve us for years, where many of them had been wounded several times; we took them from those decks and SHUT THEM UP IN OUR PRISONS, and kept them there to be exchanged against our people that the Americans might take in war. The world never saw the like of this before. I, who am an Englishman, despise and detest an American who pretends that he can forgive this; and, were I an American, I would destroy such a wretch as soon as I would destroy a toad or an adder. It is a thing that never will be forgotten or forgiven. The Americans are all humanity and generosity towards prisoners that fall into their power; but they never can forgive this; they never can pardon England for this unpardonable offence against them.

Many of the American prisoners, who had been taken from serving us on the decks of our ships of war, were imprisoned at DARTMOOR. They endeavoured to make their escape; and MANY OF THEM WERE SHOT BY OUR SOLDIERS! And, do you believe, Mr. James, that this is forgotten in America? Foolish man are you, and foolish men are your patrons, if they believe this. In thousands of houses in America, the names of the men shot at DARTMOOR are written and put upon the walls, and written

too, in human blood! Such things ought to be remembered. It argues a want of justice to forget them, and not to resent them. How did the Americans treat their prisoners of war, lawfully made prisoners? I believe that they never put any of them into prison at all. I believe that it was mere nominal imprisonment: Barracks, jails, dungeons, make no part of their system. They went no further, I believe, than what is called *parole of honour*. Poor Lord Liverpool, in a speech in the House of Lords, during the war, told the House that the Americans treated our people whom they had prisoners of war, more like friends and brethren than like enemies, whence that sagacious nobleman concluded, that the American people disapproved of their own Government for going to war with us, and that they were desirous "of placing themselves under the protection of his Majesty's government!" And it really required the beating which our people got at Lake Champlain and Plattsburg, to convince the profound premier of his great mistake. The Americans do not wreak their vengeance on prisoners of war. They inflict vengeance on haughty foes that are in arms. And now I think of it, Mr. James, what sort of prisoner were you in America? The first sentence of your book tells us that you were a prisoner there, and the third sentence tells us that you effected your escape. In a hundred parts of your book you accuse the Americans of falsehood and of foul dealing: it would not have been amiss, therefore, if you had explained to us in what kind of imprisonment you were in the United States. This explanation was fully due to a public, before whom you were placing yourself as an accuser-general of the American naval historians, and as a voucher-general for facts which directly contradicted the official statements of the American commanders. In many of the cases, you tell us that there is no British official account of the battle. This is particularly the case with regard to the memorable victory (so painful for an Englishman to think on) gained by the single frigate CONSTITUTION over the LEVANT and CYANE. You, with all the assurance imaginable, contradict the American commander, upon what you call the authority of "British officers engaged," but you take special care not to name any of those officers! This you do in many of those instances, and particularly in the case of the British defeats. In the instance of the St. Lawrence beaten by the American ship CHASSEUR, you say, "no British official account has been published: but unofficial accounts state;" and then you go on with your own story. It is you, therefore, whose accounts we receive; it is upon your authority that the contradiction is given to the American official accounts. It became you, then, sir, before you attempted to pass your word for so much, to tell us what kind of prison that was, from which in the United States, you "effected your escape,"—whether it was a prison made of bricks, mortar, and bars, or a prison formed only by your parole, or word; and if the latter, how you contrived to effect your escape from it without doing that which is commonly called breach of parole. If this was the way you effected your escape, you ought when you

come forward to vouch for facts in opposition to the American official statements, to bring somebody to vouch for yourself.

But, besides the treatment of their prisoners of war, how great was the difference in the manner of the two countries in conducting the war! It will be very long before the conduct of the English at *Hampton* will be forgotten. The visit to the *old man upon his death bed*, will long be remembered in the United States. You complain bitterly of the publication of private letters by authority of the Captain of the *Chasseur*. I well remember the publication of those private letters, and that they discovered scenes and motives of meanness, selfishness, low cunning, base greediness, such as I do trust in God no man with one drop of *English* blood in him is capable of being guilty of. The Captain of the *Chasseur* performed a duty to his country, to our country, and to the world. Those letters would have become shop-lifters in London. Such people can never uphold the glory of a country. A country *must sink* if they have any thing to do with her affairs.

You give us an account of the military operations at Washington, and of those at Alexandria. Your pretext is, that the fleet had something to do with those operations. But, had not the fleet also something to do with the affair at New-Orleans? Did not the fleet assist in achieving that inextinguishable defeat and disgrace? Did not the COCHRANES and COCKBURNS assist to gain for us that which Paddy would call "*father of a beating*?" Yet not a word do you say about the affair of New-Orleans. You suppress it altogether; and those who read your history, without having heard of the thumping at New-Orleans, must be unable to believe it possible that such a thing ever took place. This is your way of writing *impartial* history!

There was one thing, however, which, one would suppose, you could not have omitted. Your gallant countrymen (of whom more another time) *took away a parcel of negroes from Virginia*. Strange that you should not mention this achievement! You dwelt with great minuteness on their exploits at Washington; but say not a word about this negro expedition; which expedition, by-the-bye, WE HAVE YET TO PAY FOR. Whether the sum will be hundreds of thousands of pounds, is more than I can say; but, in a short time, we shall have the comfort of knowing what it is. Yet, not a word do you tell us about this part of the achievements of the navy. In short, you suppress every thing calculated to give us a true impression of the naval occurrences of which you profess to be the historian.

Before I dismiss these remarks, I will give the public a specimen or two of your manner of apologizing for Blue and Buff. When the schooner *St. Lawrence* was beaten by the *Chasseur* brig, which were, as nearly as possible, of equal force, the former was carrying despatches from Cockburn, or Cochrane, to some other commander, about the peace; the American attacked her, and took her in about fifteen minutes. Now let us hear the apology. "Men are not in the best trim for fighting, just upon hearing the news of peace; sailors are then dwelling upon their discharge from servitude, the sight of

their long absent friends, all the ties of their homes and families!" Shocking! Despicable! A navy has come to a pretty pass indeed, when such apologies can be offered for its defeats, and fast failing is the nation that can accept of such an apology.

I shall give one more instance of your miserable apologies. The *CONSTITUTION* American frigate was attacked by two British ships, the *Levant* and the *Cyane*, the former carrying 34 guns, and the latter 21. The American frigate appears to have mounted 56 guns, but then, as every one must see, the two ships had greatly the advantage. Indeed, they were aware that they should have the advantage! for you yourself say, that they resolved to attack her, and she *beat and captured them both*! And let us hear your crying account of this affair.

"On the 20th of February, 1815, H. M. ships *Levant* and *Cyane*, were proceeding in company, a few days out from Gibraltar, bound to the Western Islands. About 1 o'clock in the afternoon a strange sail was seen by the *Cyane*, upon her weather bow; her consort, the *Levant*, Captain Douglass, then hull down to leeward. The *Cyane* stood on until about 4 o'clock; when, having ascertained the character of the stranger, Captain Gordon Falcon bore up to speak the Commodore. At about quarter past 5, the two ships passed within hail of each other. Captain Douglass, the senior officer, resolved to engage the enemy's frigate, in hopes, by disabling her, to prevent her intercepting two valuable convoys, that sailed from Gibraltar about the same time as the *Levant* and *Cyane*. Both Commanders, at this time, fully believed that she was the American frigate *Constitution*: having received intelligence, before leaving port, of her being in their intended track.

"The two ships now tried for the weather-gage, but, finding they could not obtain it, they bore up, in hopes to prolong the engagement until night, when, by manœuvring in the dark, they might effect their object. The superior sailing of the *Constitution*, however, defeated that plan also; and, at 45 minutes past 5, the *Levant* and *Cyane*, hauled to the wind on the starboard-tack. No British official account of this action has been published; therefore, the details are taken, partly from the American accounts, and partly from the information of the British officers engaged.

"The *Constitution* had previously fired her bow-chasers at the *Cyane*, without effect, her shot falling short; and, now, having the two British ships under the command of her main-deck battery (they being at a distance from her of full three-quarters of a mile) she commenced firing her broadsides. Both ships returned her fire; but having only carronades, their shot fell short, while the *Constitution's* 24 pound shot were cutting to pieces their sails and rigging. As the British became gradually disabled, the *Constitution* shortened her distance; and, by her superiority in sailing, and working, frequently raked both her opponents.

"It is stated in the American '*Minutes of the Action*,' that, when the firing commenced, the contending ships were 'about 300 yards distant.' According to the positive testimony of the British officers, examined at the court-martial, the distance was, as



stated before, nearly three quarters of a mile. The object in framing this assertion, is evident. It is to show that the British had the use of their carronades from the first; and that the Constitution did not keep out of range, until she had crippled both ships.

"At about 35 minutes past six, was without a brace or a bow-line, except the larboard fore-brace. Yet, seeing her consort exposed to a heavy raking fire, owing to the Constitution having fired across her, she gallantly stood in between them, and received the broadside. The firing continued at intervals for a few minutes longer, when the Cyane turned the hands up to refit the rigging. Before that could be accomplished, the Constitution had taken a position on her larboard quarter, within hail. Being now totally unmanageable; with most of her standing and running rigging gone; main and mizzen-masts tottering, and other principal spars wounded; several shot in the hull, nine or ten of which were between wind and water; five carronades disabled, chiefly by the drawing of the bolts and starting of the cheeks; and the Levant having bore up to repair damages, since 6 40, and being now two miles to leeward, still bearing away; the Cyane fired a lee-gun, and hoisted a light as a signal of submission (see p. 433;) and, soon after seven, was taken possession of by the Constitution.

"At 8 15, which was as soon as the Levant had rove new braces, the gallant little ship again hauled her wind, to ascertain the fate of her companion, as well as to renew the desperate contest. On approaching the two ships, Captain Douglas, with a boldness bordering on rashness, ranged close alongside the Constitution, to leeward, being unable to weather her, and the two ships, on opposite tack, exchanged broadsides. This, by the American account, was at half past 8. The Constitution immediately wore under the Levant's stern, and raked her with a second broadside. At 9 30, Captain Douglas, finding that the Cyane had undoubtedly struck her colours, put again before the wind: in doing which, the Levant received several raking broadsides, had her wheel shot away, and her lower masts badly wounded. To fire her stern-chase guns, and to steer at the same time, was impossible, owing to a *sad mistake* in the construction of this new class of vessels! Seeing the Constitution ranging upon the larboard quarter, the Levant, at 10 P. M. by the American, and 10 40 by the British account, struck her colours to the 'gigantic enemy.'

"One could almost cry out, shame! shame! at the Constitution firing successive broadsides into such a ship as the Levant. It is surprising that she did not sink her. Had the Levant, on first bearing away, continued her course, she might have escaped; but that would have appeared like deserting her consort; and personal consideration in battle was never the characteristic of a DOUGLAS.

"The reader has, no doubt, already discovered the important variation between Captain Stewart's official letter (App. No. 108,) and the "Minutes of the Action," (No. 109,) by some unaccountable blunder of the Americans, published along with it. According to the latter, the two ships were captured at successive periods, three hours

and ten minutes apart; yet, says the former, both of which, after a spirited action of FORTY MINUTES, surrendered to the ship under my command!" After this a *compliment* to British gallantry could not be expected; yet the advance of the Levant, at half past eight, and her ranging close up, and exchanging broadsides, with such an adversary would have elicited admiration from the breast of a Turk!

"The Levant lost 6 seamen and marines, killed, and an officer, and 14 seamen and marines wounded. The Cyane had 6 killed, and 13 wounded; total, 19 killed and 39 wounded. Captain Stewart, to make the complements of the ship appear greater than they were, states 23 as the killed, of the former ship, and 12, the latter. This is now become a stale trick, and scarcely deserves notice. The smallness of the British loss in this action shows clearly, that the Americans had already begun to relax in their discipline. The Constitution's fire, considering the disparity of force, falls far beneath the very worst of ours.

"Old Ironsides, as, from her strength and compactness she is very properly called in the United States, was too successful in keeping out of carronade-range, to allow many shot to reach her. Some, however, lodged in her sides; and a few others, it may be presumed, found their way through; or we should not hear of 6 men killed and mortally wounded, and 6 others wounded, severely and slightly. That both British commanders had drilled their men at the guns, is proved by the precision of their fire, during the short period that their carronades could reach.

"The Levant mounted 21 guns; eighteen carronades, 32-pounders, two long 9-pounders, and a 12-pound lanch carronade. Her established complement was 135 men and boys; but she had in the action 115 men and 16 boys; total, 131. Her marines were young raw recruits, that scarcely knew how to handle their muskets; and, although considered as *men*, would all have been rated as *boys* in the American service.

"The Cyane was a *deep-waisted* or a *frigate-built* ship, and mounted 33 guns, twenty-two carronades, 35-pounders, upon the main-deck, eight carronades, 18-pounders, an 18-pound lanch carronade, and two long 9-pounders, upon the quarter-deck and fore-castle. Not another gun did she mount; yet Captain Stewart has given her an additional 18-pound carronade, and two long 12's in lieu of 9's; and, in the "Sketches of the War," all her 'thirty-four guns' are described as 32-pound carronades!

"The established complement of the Cyane was 191 men, and 24 (including 12 supernumerary) boys: total 185. But on the morning of the action, she was deficient, in petty-officers and able seamen, 16, and had a surplus of two boys; making her complement, in this action, 145 men, and 26 boys; total, 171. Of this number, 4 men were sick and not at quarters. In computing his prisoners Captain Stewart has committed a mistake; which, added to

that respecting the killed of the two British ships, making their united complements appear greater than they were by 34 men.

"Three of the Cyane's men deserted to the Americans; but, generally, the two crews resisted the repeated offers to enlist with the enemy. It was stated by the British officers, at the court-martial, that the crews of the two ships were, for three weeks, kept constantly in the Constitution's hold, with both hands and legs in irons, and there allowed but three pints of water during the 24 hours. This, too, in a tropical climate! It was further proved, that, after the expiration of three weeks, upon the application of Capt. Douglas, one third of the men were allowed to be on deck four hours out of the 24, but had not the means of walking, being still in irons; that, on mustering the crews when they were landed at Maranham, five of the Levant's boys were missing; that, upon application and search for them, two of them were found locked up in the American captain of marines cabin; that a black man at Maranham was employed as a crimp and *enticed one of the Levant's boys to enter the American service*. Upon these facts, let the reader employ his own thoughts: if he possesses a *British heart*, he will need no prompter."

"*British heart*," indeed! Where was the British heart when James Tompkins and his comrades were impressed! Where was the British heart when they were so treated day after day? But who is to believe this story? It is nobody's story but yours; it is your own miserable story; and entitled to no belief. You have no *British official account of the action*. Does not this speak volumes! Would there not have been such official account of the action, if a good excuse could have been made out for this defeat and capture! You take your details, you say, partly from the information of the British officers engaged. Why do you not name one at least of the number. You talk of Capt. Douglas, and you say, with a species of national vanity that deserves not only beating but kicking, that "personal consideration in battle was never the character of a DOUGLAS." A Douglas indeed! Why not of a Douglas, you ridiculous coxcomb? Sad experience has taught me that roguery in collecting money is characteristic enough of "a Douglas," for "a Douglas" once robbed me in this way of a pretty many thousands of dollars. This, however, is a specimen of the nauseous flattery which you never fail to bestow on every Scotch officer that comes in your way.

Your story about the *breast of a Turk* might do well enough, if we could possibly believe the fact that you state; but upon what ground are we to believe you? You are flatly contradicted by the American official account; and there is no English official account. Were not the English Government pretty good judges of what they ought to do in such a case? If they did not publish their official account, had

they not their *reasons* for it, think you? In short, Captain Stewart says that he captured the two ships in forty minutes; and what ground is there for disbelieving him?

You are exceedingly offended at the *boastings* of the Americans. You have forgot all Dibdin's songs, I suppose? You have forgot all the songs, and all the odes, and all the plays, of all the pensioned parasites? You have forgot *Neptune* coming in his watery car to surrender his trident to that wonderful hero, King George the Third? You have forgot, doubtless, all the disgusting, all the sickening, all the loathsome, all the literary, vomit-producing flattery incessantly poured forth upon our navy, and all connected with it? Of all the boasters upon the face of this earth, we have been the greatest, the most shameless, the most contemptible and ridiculous.

However, it was not until 1814, that this boasting assumed a regular official character. Then it was that the *victory of the Serpentine River* came to crown all the boastings of this nation of boasters. You complain that Capt. Stewart, after capturing the two English ships, "was welcomed at Boston by federal salutes; that he landed under a salute; that he was escorted to the Exchange Coffee-house by troops, amidst the repeated cheers of citizens of both sexes, who filled the streets, wharves, and vessels, and occupied the houses, while a band of music played national airs." You are exceedingly offended at this, and seem to curse the manager of the play-house for having craved leave to announce, that the gallant Captain Stewart and the officers of the Constitution would, in their full uniform, honour the Theatre with their presence. You seem to be enraged at this enthusiasm of the people, and at this little trick of the play-house men; and yet not one word did you say about the victory on the Serpentine river!

On that famous sea in Hyde Park, the two fleets met, in order to give the foreign sovereigns, their whiskered followers, and the enlightened people of this royal Wen, ocular demonstration of the superiority of British skill and valour. The Yankees were superior in number of ships, and guns. Long and obstinate was the fight, but, at last, as the newspapers told us, "the shouts of half a million of people communicated to the sky that Britannia still ruled the waves!"

The citizens of Boston were very soon afterwards taking their turn; but, they had *something* to boast of. One of their ships had taken two English ships, which, every man must allow, ought to have taken her. There was really something to boast of. If you had been there, indeed, to explain to them, as you have done to me in pages 466 and 467, that the Levant was "*built of fir*;" that the Cyane's "*timbers were rotten*;" that her "*breeching bolts drew out*;" if you had been present at Boston to explain all this, as nicely as you have explained it to me, how you would have set the



Yankees a laughing! The play-house would have been the place for you to go to, where you would have occasioned more entertainment than all the other actors in the scenery. If you had told the Bostonians, as you told me, "that the Cyane was so slow that every merchant vessel ran by her, and that the Levant's officers declared that she could but just outsail her companion," how the Yankees would have laughed! They would have wondered, as I do, first, that there should have been two such ships in that glorious great British navy; second, that "*a Douglas*," and a *Gordon Falcon*, should have got into two such ships; and, third, that, being in two such ships, they should have gone in pursuit of the Constitution, with a view to disable her, if not to take her.

I have no room for more, and more, I trust, is not necessary. I cannot, however, conclude without bestowing my serious reprehension on your endeavours to disguise, to gloss over, to palliate, the inglorious acts of which you pretend to have written the history.—When a disposition to do this is entertained by a people, that people is manifestly destined to sink. The disposition arises from their not daring to look truth in the face. It arises from their consciousness of inability to recover what they have lost. God forbid that such a disposition should become general in England; but if you do not produce this mischievous, dishonourable disposition, it seems to me it will be for want of ability, and not for want of desire. It is invariably the case that the greediness for praise is in an inverse proportion to the merit of the party. Of this you have probably experienced the truth; but there arises a further inconvenience, and that is, when you have begun to bestow unjust praise, you lay the foundation of claim upon you to proceed to all lengths in the same course. After writing the book which you have sent to me, and upon which I have made these observations, there is nothing in the way of praise that any officer in the navy has not a right to demand of you; and if you refuse, I see no reason why you should not be liable to his lash.

To the officers of the navy I beg leave to observe, that I deem their profession highly honourable; that I think it ought to be held in great esteem by the people; that I deem the navy of the greatest importance to the country; that I am convinced that it would require the greatest skill and most undaunted courage on their part to enable them to maintain the dominion of the seas; and that to induce them to attain to this skill and to display this courage, they are not, I trust, to be told that a few pounds difference in weight of metal, that

a few tons difference in point of size, or that a few men or boys more or less, will ever be thought of by their country a sufficient ground of apology for their pulling down of that flag, which has for so many ages been borne triumphant through the seas.

To the government I say, that there must be a new system of promotion, and a new rate and manner of distributing prize money. Captain Dacres was indignant at seeing British seamen on board the American frigate which had beaten and captured him. He was particularly offended at an Irishman, whom he saw sitting coolly making buck-shot to fire at his countrymen. Alas! remember poor Cashman, who was hanged as a rioter, in 1817! Think of his fate and the buck-shot will sink out of your sight. Read his address to the judge who condemned him, and the buck-shot will wholly escape from your mind:

"My Lord: I hope you will excuse a poor friendless sailor for occupying your time. Had I died fighting the battles of my country, I should have gloried in it; but I confess that it grieves me to think of suffering like a robber, when I call God to witness that I have passed whole days together without even a morsel of bread, rather than violate the laws. I have served my king for many years, and often fought for my country. I have received *nine wounds in the service*, and never before have been charged with any offence. I have been at sea all my life, and my father was killed on board the *Diana* frigate. I came to London, my Lord, *to endeavour to recover my pay and prize money*, but being unsuccessful was reduced to the greatest distress, and being poor and penniless, I have not been able to bring forward witnesses to prove my innocence, or even to acquaint my brave officers, or I am sure they would all have come forward in my behalf. The gentlemen who have sworn against me must have mistook me for some other person, there being many sailors in the mob; but I freely forgive them, and I hope God will also forgive them, for I solemnly declare that I committed no act of violence whatever."

This poor fellow made a will and left his prize money to his brothers! He had been many months starving in London. He was an Irishman, and as brave a man as ever died.—There can be no doubt that if Cashman had received, in time, the money due to him, he would never have been in the mob upon that occasion.

I have not time to write any thing more at present. I break off abruptly; but a man like you merits no ceremony from

WM. COBBETT.

LETTER FROM MISS INDIGO AT WORTHING, TO HER FRIEND MISS MARIA LOUISA MAZARINE IN LONDON.

"I know very well that those who are commonly called learned women, have lost all manner of credit by their impertinent talkativeness and conceit of themselves!—it is a wrong method and ill choice of books that makes them just so much the worse for what they have read."

Swift's Letter to a Young Lady.

AH! my dearest Maria Louisa! you who are still enjoying at the Institution the lectures of the most elegant of all professors; you who twice a week have an opportunity of witnessing his ingenious experiments in pneumatics, aërostatics, and hydrostatics, while he explains all the different *'ologies* of the alphabet, from anthology to zoology! you who are, perhaps, at this moment inhaling the gas of nitrous oxide or gas of paradise, how do I envy you your sensations and associations! Most joyfully do I sit down to perform my promise of writing an account of my journey to Worthing, not to indulge in the frivolous tittle-tattle to which so many of our sex are addicted, but to attempt a scientific journal worthy of our studies, and of the opportunities afforded us by our constant attendance at so many of the learned lectures in London. Nothing occurred on the road worthy of particular mention: the indications of the barometer, the mean temperature of the thermometer, and the contents of the pluviometer, will be found in the tables which we have agreed to interchange weekly. In the meadows through which we occasionally passed, I observed several fine specimens of the mammalia class of quadrupeds, such as the *bos taurus*, or common ox; the *ovis aries*, of Linnæus, or sheep; the *equus caballus*, or horse; the *asinus*, or ass, both Jenny and Jack; and the *capræa hircus*, or common goat, both Billy and Nanny. By-the-by these vulgar methods of discriminating genders are very unscientific, and may often lead to mistakes. Learned language cannot be too precise.

In the hedges, I recognised some curious flowers, particularly the *bellis*, of the order *polygamia superflua*, vulgò the daisy; the cardamine, to which Shakspeare has given the vulgar name of the lady's smock; the *caltha*, or marigold, with its radiated discous flower, to which the lower orders as-

sign a coarser appellation; *culverkeys*, mentioned in Walton's Angler; mithridate mustard, or charlock; the *primula*, or primrose; violets, (you remember Shakspeare's sweet lines

"Violets dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath;")

*lolium* and *fumaria*, or darnel and fumatory, ingredients in the wreath of the broken-hearted Ophelia; together with several fine specimens of the *carduus*, or common thistle.

On our arrival at Worthing, we dined with our friends the Tomkins family, where we had the *scapula* of the *ovis*, or a shoulder of mutton, with a sauce of macerated *cepæ*, two birds of the gallinaceous tribe served with *sisymbrium*, or water-cresses, and the customary vegetables of *brassica*, *lactuca*, and *spinacia*, through none of which the aqueous fluid had been sufficiently allowed to percolate. There was also soup which retained so considerable a portion of caloric, that it scalded my palatic *epidermis*, and the *piper nigrum*, or black pepper, with which it was seasoned occasioned a very unpleasant degree of titillation in the whole of the oral region. In the afternoon, the water in the kettle not having been raised to 212 of Fahrenheit, or that point at which evaporation commences, the *thea viridis*, or green tea, formed an imperfect decoction, in which state, I believe, its diaphoretic qualities are injurious. Mrs. Tomkins declared she never drank any thing herself but the simple element; but I informed her that if she meant water, it was by no means a simple element, but compounded of oxygen and hydrogen; and I availed myself of this opportunity for instructing her that atmospheric air is also a mixture, containing about seventy-three parts of azotic, and twenty-seven of oxygen gas, at which the ignorant creature only exclaimed, "Well, I have seen myself a good many red gashes across the sky, particularly at sunset."



She was dressed in a gown woven from the filaments of the *phalæna bombyx*, or silkworm, dyed in a red tincture of the small insect called *coccus ilicis* by Linnæus, which is found on the bark of the *quercus coccifera*. By way of changing the conversation, which was turning upon Mrs. T——'s proficiency in music, I asked her in allusion to the geological controversy, whether she preferred the Vulcanian or the Neptunian systems, when the silly girl replied with a stare that she had not heard of either of the tunes !!

But, my dearest Maria Louisa, I may confess to you, that I am daily more and more horrified by the sad blunders of mamma, who has not, like us, received the benefits of scientific instruction, and yet, while she sits at the window knitting, will every now and then catch a word which she fancies she understands, and betray the most pitiable ignorance in her attempts to join the conversation—For instance, while I was this morning explaining to Miss Tomkins the difference between hydrogen and oxygen, she exclaimed, without taking her eyes from her work, "Well, it's a liquor I never taste myself, but in my time Booth's was reckoned the best gin." We had been visiting a house in which I complained of an unpleasant empyreuma. "Child!" cried mamma, "I think an empty room a very unpleasant thing certainly, but you may depend upon it, there was not one in the whole house." While I was maintaining that bismuth and cobalt were different ores, she imagined in her imperfect hearing, and still more deficient comprehension, that I was talking of the two London coaches, and added with a nod, "Yes, my dear, they start at different hours, the Sidmouth at six in the morning, and the Cobourg at eight in the evening." After dinner, I took occasion to observe that cheese was obtained from curd by separating the whey by expression, when she told me there was no way of expression, no, not all the talking in the world, that would ever make a cheese !! Alluding to a short essay I had written upon the reflection of light, she interrupted me by desiring I would not indulge in light reflec-

tions, as I should be only subjecting myself to similar remarks from others; and when I was describing a resinous matter obtained by precipitation, she shook her head and exclaimed, "Impossible, child, nothing is ever gotten by precipitation: your poor dear father was always telling you not to do things in such a violent hurry."—Upon my explaining to a friend that antimony derived its name from its having been indulged in too freely by some monks, she cried "There, my dear, you *must* be mistaken, for monks, you know, can have nothing to do with matrimony;" and once when the professor showed me a lump of mineral earth, and I enquired whether it was friable, she ejaculated "Friable, you simpleton! no, nor boilable neither; why, it isn't good to eat." These are but a few specimens of her lamentable ignorance; in point of acute misapprehension she exceeds even Mrs. Malaprop herself, and you cannot conceive the humiliation to which I am constantly subjected by these exposures.

As to the experiments, I have not yet ventured upon many, for having occasioned a small solution of continuity in the skin of my forefinger by an accidental incision, I have been obliged to apply a styptic secured by a ligature. By placing some butter, however, in a temperature of 96, I succeeded in reducing it to a deliquescent state; and by the usual refrigerating process, I believe I should have reconverted it into a gelatine, but that it refused to coagulate, owing, doubtless, to some defect in the apparatus. You are aware that a phosphorescent light emanates from several species of fish in an incipient state of putrefaction, to which has been attributed the iridescent appearance of the sea at certain seasons. For the illustration of this curious property, I hoarded a mackarel in a closet for several days, and it was already beginning to be most interestingly luminous, when mamma, who had for some time been complaining of a horrid stench in the house, discovered my hidden treasure, and ordered the servant to toss it on a dunghill, observing that she expected sooner or later to be poisoned alive

by my nasty nonsense. Mamma has no nose for experimental philosophy; no more have I, you will say, for yesterday I was walking with a prism before my eyes, comparing the different rays of the *spectrum* with Newton's theory, I came full bump against an open door, which drove the sharp edge of the glass against the cartilaginous projection of the nose, occasioning much sternutation, and a considerable discharge of blood from the nasal emunctories. The mucus of the nose is certainly the same substance as our tears, but being more exposed to the air becomes more viscid, from the mucilage absorbing oxygen. By means of nitrate of silver, I have also formed some crystals of Diana, and I have been eminently successful in making detonating powder, although the last explosion happening to occur at night, just as our next-door neighbour Alderman Heavisides was reading of the tremendous thunderbolt that fell in the gentleman's garden at Holloway, he took it for granted he had been visited by a similar phenomenon, and in this apprehension shuffled down stairs upon his nether extremity, being prevented from walking by the gout, ejaculating all the way "Lord have mercy upon us! fire! murder!"—Upon discovering the cause of his alarm, he declared that the blue-stocking hussey, (meaning me) ought to be sent to the Tread-mill, and mamma says she fully expects we shall shortly be indicted for a nuisance.

In conchology, I cannot boast of any very important additions to my collection, having encountered few of what Hatchett calls the porcellaneous class, and none of the multivalves. Among the bivalves, however, I have met some curious specimens of the *Ostrea edulis*, or common oyster, the *cardium* or cockle, as well as several of the winkle and periwinkle class. While walking with my cousin George, who, as you well know, laughs at all my studies, and loses no opportunity of making a bad pun, we were accosted by a fisherman who asked us to buy some beautiful specimens of the *mytilus*, or common muscle, but George would not let me purchase, declaring that he was a staunch Hellenist, and during the pres-

ent glorious struggle would never give the least encouragement to a Mussulman.

But geology, or to speak more accurately geognosy, my favourite study, ah! my dearest Maria Louisa, could you imagine that I would leave my researches for a moment unprosecuted? No, no, I have pursued them with enthusiasm. Providing myself with a hammer and basket, I mounted a donkey, and, George accompanying me upon his favourite colt, we proceeded to the Downs, where we soon discovered a chalk-pit, exhibiting strata of flint in a horizontal direction, and some describing an angle of forty-five degrees, occasioned apparently by partial subsidence of the soil. Being obliged to beat my donkey severely to get him forward, George observed that I was giving him a specimen of *wacke*, and as the colt whinnied, and the ass made a grunting noise, he added that I might now make an addition of *whinstone* and *gruntstein* to my collection. A piece of granite in a state of disintegration, displayed an interesting union of quartz, feldspar, and mica; and I stumbled upon a bit of sandstone or grit, divided by fissure into parallel pipeds. While I was admiring it, George came galloping up to inform me he had just discovered two beautiful specimens, one of *amygdaloid*, or toadstone, and the other of *primitive trap*, and as I had just been reading of the latter in Mr. Jameson's Sketch of the Wernerian Geognosy, I eagerly hastened to the spot. Guess my disappointment, my dearest Maria Louisa, when I found the former to consist of a large toad squatted upon a great pebble; and the latter to be nothing but a hole dug in the turf, and provided with a springe to catch wheat-ears, which George with a horse-laugh maintained to be an indisputable example of primitive trap. By way of making amends, however, for this unfeeling joke, he declared, with a very serious face, that he had passed a perfect specimen of quartz, and assisting me to dismount, he clambered with me to the top of a steep hill, and pointing to a sheep-pond appealed to my own candid bosom whether it did not contain a great many quarts of dirty water.



Being determined to submit no longer to such egregious foolery; feeling moreover considerable craving in the digestive ventricle; and a stiffness in my knees from want of synovia to lubricate the capsular ligaments, I remounted my donkey, made the best of my way home, and have devoted the afternoon to the present narrative of my scientific achievements.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## BALLAD.

1.

"AWAY! away to Normandy!  
Up, up, my son, and ride!  
And bring with thee, from that famed countree,  
A ladye for thy bride.  
The maidens there are gay and fair  
As the blossoms on the tree;  
Away! away! ere break of day  
To merry Normandy.

2.

Array thyself in thy best attire,  
And with words of honey speak,  
And thou'lt call the smile to many an eye,  
And the blood to many a cheek:  
Be kind to the meanest thou may'st meet,  
And to the lofty—free:  
Not in vain thou'lt ride, for a ladye-bride  
Shall be thine in Normandy.

3.

Seek out the noblest dame of all,  
And whisper in her ear,  
That thou lov'st her more than ever before  
Lov'd knight and cavalier.  
Say she is fairer than summer rose,  
(As thy father said to me),  
And thou'lt bring at thy side a wealthy bride  
From merry Normandy."

4.

"No! mother, no! I cannot part  
With the maiden of my home:  
A bride more kind I shall never find,  
Though the whole world through I roam.  
No! mother, no! I cannot leave  
My own beloved countree;  
Though 'tis bleak and wild, I still am its child,  
And want not Normandy.

5.

But I will don my best attire,  
And seek my lovely girl,  
Whose eyes are bright as the clear starlight;  
And whose teeth are white as pearl.  
And thou wilt own that the rose just blown  
Is not more fair than she;  
And that she may claim as pure a name  
As the best of Normandy.

6.

In the day of age she'll cherish thee  
With all a daughter's care,  
And walk with thee, and talk with thee,  
And bind thy silvery hair.  
She will bring to thee Spring's earliest flowers,  
And fruits from the choicest tree;  
And thou wilt forget, and ne'er regret,  
The maids of Normandy.

7.

She will guide thee when thy limbs are weak;  
And thy sight begins to fail;  
Or breathe a song, and when nights are long  
Beguile them with a tale.  
And when thou'rt gone to the sleep of death,  
(Oh! distant may that be!)  
She will wet thy bier with many a tear,  
Though not of Normandy."

8.

"My son, put on thy best attire,  
And seek thy lovely girl,  
Whose eyes are bright as the clear star-light,  
And whose teeth are white as pearl.  
And may she prove a source of love  
When I have pass'd from thee,  
And ever claim as pure a name  
As the best of Normandy."

## MEMENTO MORI. INSCRIBED ON A TOMBSTONE.

WHEN you look on my grave,  
And behold how they wave—  
The cypress, the yew, and the willow—  
You think 'tis the breeze  
That gives motion to these,—  
'Tis the laughter that's shaking my pillow!

I must laugh when I see  
A poor insect like thee  
Dare to pity the fate thou must own:

Let a few moments slide,  
We shall lie side by side,  
And crumble to dust, bone for bone!

Go weep thine own doom!  
Thou wert born for the tomb,  
Thou hast lived, like myself, but to die;  
Whilst thou pity'st my lot,  
Secure fool! thou'st forgot  
Thou art no more immortal than I!

## ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GIRL.

BEAUTY and Virtue crown'd thee!  
Death in thy youth hath found thee!  
Thou'rt gone to thy grave  
By the soft willow-wave,

And flowrets are weeping around thee;  
ATHENEUM VOL. 2. 2d series.

The sun salutes thee early,  
The stars begem thee rarely,  
Then why should we weep  
When we see thee asleep  
Mid a world that loves thee so dearly?

## AMERICAN WRITERS.

ONE is continually hearing more or less, about American literature, of late, as if there were any such thing in the world as American literature; or any such thing in the United States of North America, as a body of native literature—the production of native writers—bearing any sort of national character, either of wisdom or beauty—heavy or light—or having any established authority, even among the people of the United States. And go where one will, since the apparition of one American writer among us, (of whom a word or two more by and by,) some half-a-dozen stories and story-books; a little good poetry, (with some very bad poems;) four or five respectable, and as many more trumpery novels—with a book or two about theology—one is pretty sure to hear the most ridiculous and exaggerated misrepresentations, one way or the other, for or against *American* authorship, as if American authorship (so far as it goes) were anything different from English, or Scotch, or Irish authorship; as if there were any decided nationality in the style or manner of a book-maker in America who writes English, or endeavours to write English—to set him apart, or distinguish him from a book-maker in the United kingdom, who is engaged in the same business.

With two exceptions, or at the most three, there is no American writer who would not pass just as readily for an English writer, as for an American, whatever were the subject upon which he was writing; and these three are PAULDING, NEAL, and CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, of whom we shall speak separately in due time.

We have hitherto underrated, or, more properly speaking, overlooked the American writers. But we are now running into a contrary extreme; abundantly overrating some, and in a fair way, if a decided stand be not taken against the popular infatuation, of neglecting our own for the encouragement of American talent.

Give the Americans fair play—

that we owe to ourselves. Deal justly with all who venture upon the perilous life of authorship—a life that ends oftener than any other in a broken heart, or a disordered mind—that we owe to humanity.

But if we would not over-cuddle the young American writers; kill them with kindness; turn their heads with our trumpeting, or produce a fatal revulsion in the popular mind, let us never make a prodigious fuss about any American book, which, if it were English, would produce little or no sensation. It is the sure way to defeat our own plans in the long run, however profound our calculations may be. Honesty is the best policy after all,—even for booksellers.

It is only insulting the Americans, whom we desire to conciliate by our gentlemanly candour, if we so cry up any tolerable book of theirs, as if it were a wonder to meet with anything tolerable from an American writer.

These noisy rushes of popularity never do any good. They are alike affronting to our countrymen and to the Americans; injurious to our literary men, and ruinous to theirs. They discourage ours, and spoil theirs; or, what is quite sure to be fatal, they provoke a calm, severe investigation of the grounds upon which judgment has been rendered.

The truth is, that there are more American writers in every branch of literature, and they are more respectable, ten times over, than our countrymen would readily believe: but then, there is no one of them whose works would abide a temperate, firm, unsparing examination, as a *standard* in its way, much less a conspiracy to write it down. We happen to know something of the matter, and without any professions of impartiality, (leaving our behaviour to speak for us on that score,) shall proceed in arranging it systematically, after a few observations.

Our arrangement will be alphabetical, so that those who happen to know the name of any American author,



may be able to tell, at a glance, what he has written; while others who know only the work, by referring to the title of the class, may learn the name of the author.

Some of these American writers have been very popular of late, and all are aiming to become so—as who, indeed, is not, even among our own countrymen! But let them be wary. Nothing is more short-lived than violent popularity. It is the tempestuous brightness of a moment—a single moment only—the sound of passing music—the brief blossoming of summer flowers.

Let them remember, that there is one law of nature, which governs alike through all creation. It is one to which all things, animate and inanimate, are subject; and which, if it were thought of, would make men tremble at sudden popularity. It is this—That which is a given time in coming to maturity, shall abide a like time without beginning to decay; and be a like time again in returning to the earth.

It is a law alike of the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral kingdom, applicable alike to the productions of nature and of art.

The longest-lived animals are the longest in coming to maturity. Diamonds, it is thought, since the discoveries of Professor Silliman, may require ages to consummate their virtues; other crystals are formed instantaneously. But the diamond is indestructible, and the latter dissolve in your breath.

Some islands are formed by accretion, and others are thrown up all at once from the bottom of the ocean. Ages and ages will pass away, without obliterating the vestiges of the former, while the others will disappear as they came, in a single night, leaving no record of their having been, but in the sea-legend of the mariner, or in the conflicting testimony of men upon the same voyage, who had hardly ever lost sight of one another, as their great ships went over the place of contention.

Cities, that are whole centuries in building, flourish for centuries, and

are centuries in dropping away; trees, that are a hundred years in coming to maturity, abide for another hundred years, without shaking to the blast, and sink away into dust and ruin again, like the very pyramids. Yet—yet—cities have sprung up in a season, and flowers in a night. But for what?—only for the one to be abandoned, and the other blighted, in the next revolution of the season or the sun.

Let no man be in a hurry about getting a reputation. That reputation is not worth having, which can be had easily, or in a little time.

Why is it that we are astonished at the first efforts of the unknown? It is for that very reason—it is because they are unknown. They have grown up in “brave neglect,” in wind and storm; disclosed their powers unexpectedly, without being intimidated or abashed by observation, or worried and fretted with public guardianship. It were better for the very giants to be unknown; and better for all, who would have their progeny either grand or beautiful, to bring forth all their young in the solitude, or the mountain. The world, and the temptations of the world, only enfeeble and enervate them. A sickly offspring is produced with more hardship in the crowded atmosphere of a city, than young lions in the wilderness.

Why is it that the sons of extraordinary men do not more frequently grow to the stature of their fathers? It is because they are intimidated and discouraged by continual comparison with their fathers: It is because they are awed and pestered out of their natural way, by the perpetual guardianship of that public, who never fail to spoil whatever they take a liking to: It is because they are overshadowed by the giants of whom they are born, and compared every hour, from their childhood up, with great full-grown men, who, if *they* had been watched over in the same way, would never have been full-grown men. Few things under heaven will endure the guardianship of a multitude, and fewer still, their tyranny and caprice.

The plants of genius, like children or costly flower-trees, may require continual attention, but then it is not the attention of the world—that only spoils them—it is the attention of the few, the sincere, and the delicate.

Why is it, that we are continually amazed at the *first* efforts—and with only the first efforts—of a thousand wonderful young men? *It is because they were not popular.* It is because we expected nothing from them, and they knew it. After their first essay, no matter in what department of art or science, they were known—and of course popular. Our expectations became unreasonable; we worked them beyond all decency,—all humanity. We called upon them to produce, in a few years, or perhaps a few months, amid the bustle, strangeness, and confusion of a great city, that which would be more wonderful than their first effort, though *that* had been the production of many years, in the spring-time of their heart's valour—in solitude—and had appeared even to ourselves miraculous.

So with all mankind. They never permit the same person to astonish them a second time, if they know it. To be astonished, indeed!—what is it but an imputation upon their breeding, foresight, wisdom, and experience? So they set their faces against it.—They seek, as it were, to avenge themselves for having been surprised into anything so ungenteel as a stare, (of astonishment, I mean,) by resolving never to be caught again—by him—whatever he may do.

Let him do better a second time, and he will appear to do worse. Do what he will, they are, and always will be, disappointed. But it is a thousand to one that he does worse. He becomes, on a second appearance, neither one thing nor another. One minute he will repeat himself; the next he will imitate himself, with variations, in those passages, attitudes, and peculiarities, which have taken well; then he will be caught with a sudden whim, (like an only child,) trusting to the partiality of his friends, or to his reputation for genius or eccentricity—coquetting timidly with

popular favour, in awkward imitation of established favourites, who do what *they* please, and are liked the better for it; then, without any sort of notice or preparation, he will be seized with a sudden paroxysm of originality. He springs into his saddle—up goes the whip, and he precipitates himself, head foremost, at some object, which other people dare not venture upon. But, just at the critical moment, just when nothing but desperation *can* carry him through, his heart fails him, he pulls up, (like the inexperienced rider, who gives whip and spur over the field, and check at a five-bar gate;) and finishes the adventure either by shutting his eyes and breaking his neck, or by turning aside with a laugh that is anything but natural or hearty, or with some unprofitable appeal to the indulgence of a jaded and disappointed public, as if any public ever cared a farthing for one of their pets, after a tumble or a balk.

The unknown do well at first, *because* they are unknown; because nothing was expected of them; because they had everything to gain, and nothing to lose. That made them fearless of heart. And they do badly, in a second effort, because their whole situation is reversed; because they are known—because too much is expected of them; and because, in one word, they have everything to lose, and nothing to gain.

That very reputation, in the pursuit of which they have accomplished incredible things—when overtaken, is a crushing load—a destroying power, upon all their finer and more sensible faculties. Hence it is, that some distinguished men (like Scott and Byron) so often venture anonymously, or under fictitious names, into the field, whenever they begin to distrust the partiality of the public, or to suspect the mischievous influence of that partiality, upon themselves, or their weapons. There is no other way to reassure their own hearts, when they begin to doubt a diminution of edge or power—they must on with their ponderous armour once more—away from the banquetting place—and scour



the world anew, under a blank pennon, or a blank shield: and hence is it, that the course of others (like Moore and Southey) is one eternal zig-zag—through every kind of prose, and every kind of poetry—on every subject—now on one side of the question—now on the other.

All are striving by these expedients to avoid the inevitable catastrophe of popular favour: to prolong their dominion; to keep off the evil day; when, whatever may have been their merit, their thrones will be demolished; their crowns trampled on, and their sceptres quenched, by that very multitude who have built pyramids, and burnt incense to them.

The world are unreasonable; and always unmerciful to the second essay of every man—(that is, to his next effort after that which has made him known) but they always appear to the candidate himself, of course, far more unreasonable and unmerciful than they are. And hence is it, that ninety-nine times out of one hundred, nothing more is ever heard of him. He generally perishes in obscurity, sore and sick at heart, or dies cursing the caprice of the world.—Indeed—indeed—that reputation is not worth having which can be easily obtained.

The truth is, that we dread this kind of popularity, not only for others, but, strange as it may seem, for ourselves; and we would seriously admonish all young writers to be on their guard against it—never to relax—never to lie upon their oars. Beside, there is a kind of reputation that rises about one, like the sea, while, to the common observer who looks only at the surface, it may appear to be receding: and there is another, which goes on slowly, accumulating against the barriers and obstacles which oppose it, until they give way on every side at last, and only serve to augment the power and impetus of that which has overborne them.

But, while we put those who are popular upon their guard against popularity; and apprise others, who are slowly and silently making their way into popular favour, of how much they have to be thankful for, in the

neglect of the public—we may as well add a word or two of encouragement for all, by assuring them that the multitude are never long insensible to extraordinary power; that sooner or later, opportunity *will* arrive to the watchful and brave; that those who deserve to succeed, *will*, one day or other, succeed; and that good sense, enthusiasm, perseverance, and originality, combined, are never unsuccessful, or out of fashion for a long time together.

Now, then, for the *American Writers*, whom we shall introduce as we have said before, in alphabetical order.

ADAMS JOHN QUINCY—SON OF JOHN ADAMS, late President of the United States America—is himself one of the candidates (of whom we gave some account in a late Number) for the next Presidency.—There is little or no doubt of his election, at this time.

Mr. Adams was born in New-England; educated at Harvard University; made no great figure there; studied law; wrote some common-place poetry; (which has been recently reproduced by certain of his political partizans, in aid of his pretensions to the chair; (as if the writing of tolerable poetry were a serious qualification for the office of a chief magistrate over ten millions of people:)) and went forth-into political training, under the eyes of some American minister, to some European court.

Mr. Adams is a fine scholar; a capital politician; an admirable writer; and a profound statesman. He has lived nearly all his life in the courts of Europe; and is familiar with all the trick and accomplishment of diplomacy, without having been corrupted by it.

He has written only one book; but that comes nearer to the character of a standard in its way, than any other American work, except the *Federalist*, which is, and very deservedly too, a sort of national boast in America.

This book, by Mr. Adams, is a series of lectures upon judicial and popular eloquence, delivered by himself at

Harvard University, an American college, near Boston, Massachusetts, which, from the number and variety of its professors, and the respectability of its endowments, really deserves the name of university. It is an able and beautiful production; and will, after all, perpetuate his name and character among those who may never know of, or care for, his having been President of the United States.

AMES, FISHER—A New-Englander also; a political writer; a fine orator; a lawyer, and an honest man. No vestiges remain of him, though he wrote continually for the journals and papers of the day, except a volume or two of essays and orations, which are not remarkable for any particular excellence, although when the latter were delivered by him spontaneously, the sober people of New-England were affected and wrought upon by them, as their more fervid brethren of the south were by the eloquence of Patrick Henry himself.

ALLEN, PAUL—History—Poetry—Miscellany. This gentleman, after he wrote *Lewis and Clarke's Journal*—(for which office he was chosen, we believe, by the American government, on account of his literary character—chosen, we mean, by intimation, probably from the Secretary of State)—was pronounced by no less a man than Mr. Jefferson himself, (as we have heard from high authority,) to be the very best, or one of the two best writers of America. This became publicly known, and was a great advantage to Mr. Allen, who took rank soon after over everybody in the country, except Robert Walsh, jun. esq. a gentleman (well known here) of whom we shall speak in due season.

Mr. Allen is a native of Providence, Rhode Island, one of the New-England States, and never was out of America. He was educated for the bar; took to poetry at an early age; read of Dr. Franklin, and, like him, resolved to seek his fortune—at Philadelphia.

Having arrived in that city, (then the quaker London of America,) he soon became engaged as a writer for the *United States Gazette*, or *Bronson's Gazette*, as it was called; a pa-

per well known in Europe for the uncommon ability and eloquence of its writers; and, soon after, in the *Port Folio*, (a periodical miscellany of high reputation, till it fell into the hands of the present editor,) to which he largely contributed, until a few years before the last war between America and Great Britain, when the Federal party of Maryland being about to establish a newspaper for political purposes, engaged Mr. Allen for editor. It was called the *Telegraph*; and, soon after, became incorporated with the *Federal Republican*. Out of these two papers, after their junction, grew the *Baltimore mob*, of which we have heard in this country—a mob that might have been overawed in ten minutes by a single company of horse, or half a hundred serious, determined men; and, perhaps, (had they been properly countenanced by the authorities of the city,) without any military aid, by the constables and police; a mob, however, that got possession of the town, (one of sixty thousand inhabitants)—blockaded the streets—demolished a large printing establishment—broke open the public prison—a fortress in appearance, into which a number of distinguished political men of the Federal party had been beguiled by the mayor, under pretence of providing for their safety—beat, mangled, and tortured all whom they found there politically obnoxious to themselves; and, finally, murdered an old revolutionary officer, (General Lingan.)\*

Mr. Allen persevered, however, until the political animosity of the two parties having subsided—and the war being over—it was no longer a field worthy of him. Then he established the *Journal of the Times*, which held up its head only for a few months—abandoned that—and, finally, set up a newspaper, quite of a literary character, called the *Morning Chronicle*, which holds a very high rank among the American newspapers: and that—where newspapers are everything and where the ablest men of the

\* And were never punished for it—so much for mobs in that country.



country are most frequently to be found writing for them—is no common praise.

He remains editor of that paper to this day. His literary works are, (other than a world of miscellany, to be found in the journals and newspapers,) a poem, called *Noah*; a *History of the American Revolution*, of which he wrote nothing but the preface, which, I am certain, does not exceed three pages; *Lewis and Clarke's Tour*, (a compilation)—and—nothing more. Yet Mr. Jefferson has placed him at the head of the American literati.

Mr. Allen is a showy, eloquent prose-writer—who never thinks, and, if he can help it, never reasons. His language is often surprisingly beautiful, and as often surprisingly low and common-place, without significance. He has been somehow or other made sensible of the prodigious power in a colloquial style—a familiar, frank, bold, off-hand way of saying things; and he is continually balancing between his natural style, which is rich, harmonious, lofty, and full of picture—and this of the powerful, simple, and unpretending kind, for which he is utterly disqualified—until the most ludicrous combinations are perpetually occurring to startle or provoke the reader.

Mr. Allen is a man of uncommon genius—but no industry (except that of a steam engine, or a newspaper editor)—and little reflection, else he might have been one of the first writers, I will not say merely of his country, but of the age. His prose is full of poetry—his poetry miserably full of prose. His thoughts, which in prose are burning and bright, undergo so many revolutions and eclipses in poetry, as to appear no longer the same. Yet he has the material for a great poet. But the time of achievement has gone by now—he will live and die nothing better than a clever newspaper editor, somewhat given to cant.

*Lewis and Clarke's Tour* is nothing remarkable. The style has no particular attraction—nobody can remember anything about it. But quere—may not that be the highest praise?

It has been said of a fine woman, that nobody could ever recollect how she was dressed; and provided that our author can manage to fill our mind with his thoughts, facts, or doctrine, most of us will consent, perhaps, to forego the words.

His *Noah* is a sad mixture of affected simplicity—boyish combinations—outrageous poetry—and real genius. A short specimen will show his whole character, and conclude our sketch:

He is describing Noah's Vision:—  
(From Elisha, in 2d Kings.)

"Scarce had he spoke, when, with a sudden start,  
And wild, unusual throbbings of the heart,  
He turn'd around him oft a fearful gaze,  
Like one bewilder'd in a dread amaze:

'What mean,' he cried, 'these sharpen'd points of flame,

That move in rapid circles round my frame?

Now, they extend, a line of lengthen'd light;

And now—they flash promiscuous on the sight!

What mean those nodding plumes, that round me run,

And give their splendours to the golden sun?

Those shining helms!—magnificent and clear,

That thus alternate beam and disappear!

What mean these coursers standing half reveal'd,

The other half to human eye conceal'd?

Now they emerge! and now they shake their manes!

And blazing chariots follow in their trains;

I see a guard of glory round me stand,

Horsemen and chariots form a flaming band;

Proudly the steeds of such immortal birth

Fret on the rein, and scornful stamp the earth!

They pant their native element to share,

And trample with their hoofs the fields of air;

Could ye but see the congregation nigh,

The brightest sunbeam would relieve the eye!—

\* \* \* \* \*

—and lo! the Zodiac rings

With the loud clangor of descending wings."

BOZMAN.—This author we only know from one work, a book purporting to be a *History of Maryland*; and which but for the fact that there is no other history of Maryland, would not be worth mentioning. General Winder, a celebrated advocate of Baltimore, once undertook to supply the deficiency, in Allen's *Journal of The Times*: but the manuscript was bad and the printing worse, so that the plan was given up. Since then, another attempt has been made by a Mr. Griffith, but the history of Maryland yet remains to be written.

BRECKENRIDGE, HENRY M.—A Pennsylvanian, a lawyer, and son of

Judge Breckenridge, who was alike distinguished as a humourist, a storyteller, and a judge. Mr. B., the son, is the author of *Views in Louisiana*, a respectable book, made up from personal knowledge of the country, during a long residence, after Louisiana was purchased by the United States, and while Mr. B. was traversing it in every direction as a circuit judge. It may be depended upon, so far as it goes. He also wrote a history of the American war (the last) with Great Britain, in which he has faithfully preserved the newspaper accounts of the day, as given by the Americans themselves. It is a work of no merit, either in a literary or political view. It can do no good, and may do much harm, to perpetuate the thousand-and-one lies of the American press, during the unhappy season of warfare, and furious political strife. It can do no good, even for purposes of amusement, and must be exceedingly mischievous, when they are put into a popular shape, as this "History of the War" is, and sent abroad through all the "western country" as a sort of school book. I have not forgotten Dr. Franklin's newspaper lie (since acknowledged by himself in his own Memoirs) about the "bales of human scalps, marked and numbered," which were supposed to have been forwarded by the Colonial Government of America to this, in the old American war. It was only got up for the day, but has outlived the rancour of many generations, and, spite of the doctor's own confession, stands now upon grave record in one of the most able journals of the United States, (*Niles's Register*)—a journal remarkable for integrity and plain truth—as an historical fact; and, what is worse yet, is actually believed in America by a large portion of the people. Nobody can think more highly of Dr. Franklin's virtues than we do, but we should be sorry to have all the consequences of such a wicked political trick upon our shoulders.

Mr. B. is the author of a work upon South America—political, commercial, and statistical, which is highly creditable to him. It is the fruit of his own personal observation during a

secret mission thither, under the authority of the United States Government, in company with two commissioners, (Mr. Justice Bland, now a district judge of the United States courts, and Mr. Rodney,) neither of whom will soon be forgotten by the Spanish Americans. Judge Bland understood no language but his own, not one word of Spanish or French; Mr. Rodney nothing of Spanish, and, I believe, little or nothing of French; and Mr. Breckenridge, their interpreter, secretary, and companion, though he spoke French pretty well, made sad work with Spanish. Yet these were the secret ambassadors of a wise government, in a season of great political anxiety.

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN.—This gentleman's poetry has found its way, piece-meal, into England, and having met with a little of our newspaper praise, which has been repeated with great emphasis in America, is now set up among his associates for a poet of extraordinary promise, on the ground of having produced, within the course of several years, about fifty duodecimo pages of poetry, such as we shall give a specimen of. Mr. B. is not, and never will be, a great poet. He wants fire—he wants the very rashness of a poet—the prodigality and fervour of those, who are overflowing with inspiration. Mr. B., in fact, is a sensible young man, of a thrifty disposition, who knows how to manage a few plain ideas in a very handsome way. It is a bad thing for a poet, or for one whom his friends believe to be a poet, ever to spend a long time about the manufacture of musical prose, in imitation of anybody,—as Mr. Bryant and Mr. Percival both do of Milman, who has quite set the fashion in America for blank verse. Some lines, (about fifteen or twenty,) to a "water-fowl," which are very beautiful, to be sure, but with no more poetry in them than there is in the Sermon on the Mount, are supposed, by his countrymen, "to be well known in Europe." The following is taken from his poem, "The Ages."

"Has Nature, in her calm majestic march,  
Faltered with age at last? does the bright sun

DR  
In  
Sh  
Wh  
Sm  
Wh  
Th



Grow dim in heaven? or, in their far blue arch,  
Sparkle the crowd of stars, when day is done,  
Less brightly? when the dew-lipped Spring comes  
on,

Breathes she with airs less soft, or scents the sky  
With flowers less fair, than when her reign begun?  
Does prodigal Autumn to our age deny

Th e plenty that once swell'd beneath his sober  
eye?"

BUCKMINSTER.—A clergyman of Boston, remarkable for his pathetic style of eloquence, and singular piety. After his death, two or three volumes of manuscript sermons were published by some of his friends—(who had not, perhaps, been much acquainted with any sermons but his)—for the sermons of Mr. Buckminster. Unluckily, however, a part of them appear to have been printed before. Some of his own are very beautiful; and those that were not his own, of course, would never have appeared as his with his own consent.

CHANNING—Clergyman of Boston. This gentleman, without any question, may rank among the first sermonisers that ever lived. Such of his writings as have been published are remarkable for simplicity, clearness, and power. The diction is of the heart—not of the

schools. It is, as it were, a language of his own—a visible thought.

CHANNING—Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-lettres at Harvard, a brother of the last,—a lawyer, and the Editor of the North American Review before Mr. Everett. There is nothing extraordinary about this man; but the little that he wrote for the North American was highly respectable, without having any particular or peculiar character of its own. He should have nothing to do with rhetoric or belles-lettres, except in the way of a concordance, or an index.—He has no sense of either, but might get up a good history of the country, which is wanted now at every turn by those who care to know the truth of America.

We have now done for the present: another paper of the same length, perhaps, will enable us to finish the whole alphabet of American writers in the same way; when our countrymen will judge for themselves concerning the truth of what we have said, and the course of policy which we have recommended in the outset.

London, Sept. 4, 1824.

#### SONG. BY MR. WIFFEN.

O LADY, leave thy silken thread  
And flowery tapestry,  
There's living roses on the bush,  
And blossoms on the tree;  
Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand  
Some random bud will meet;  
Thou canst not tread but thou wilt find  
The daisy at thy feet.

'Tis like the birthday of the world,  
When Earth was born in bloom;  
The light is made of many dyes,  
The air is all perfume;

There's crimson buds, and white and blue—  
The very rainbow showers  
Have turn'd to blossoms where they fell,  
And sown the earth with flowers.

There's fairy tulips in the East,  
The garden of the sun;  
The very streams reflect the hues,  
And blossom as they run:  
While morn opes like a crimson rose,  
Still wet with pearly showers,  
Then, lady, leave the silken thread  
Thou twinest into flowers!

#### SONNET.\*

Crin d'oro crespo e ambra tersa e pura.

BRIGHT hair of gold which on the breezes flies  
In waves of glory, with luxuriant play  
Shading at times those pure, those sunny eyes  
Whose glances turn my night to joyful day—  
Smile which alone can sooth my bitterest woe,  
When choicest pearls through parted rubies shine—  
Through which the words so soft, so sweetly flow,

And songs of melting harmony divine,  
That to the heart with power resistless go.  
Wisdom and worth matured in early youth  
Seldom or ne'er before amongst us known—  
The brightest beauty joined to fairest truth,  
Where mingled charms appear in you alone  
To whom the heavens their grace have largely shown.

\* From the Italian of Cardinal Bimbo.

## ON DYING FOR LOVE.

To turn stark fools, and subjects fit  
For sport of boys and rabble-wit.—*Hudibras*.

**D**YING for love is a very silly thing. It answers no one good end whatsoever. It is poetical, romantic, perhaps immortalizing; but nevertheless it is silly, and oftentimes exceedingly inconvenient. I have been pretty near it myself six or seven times, but thanks to my obstinacy! (for which, indeed, I ought to be thankful, seeing I possess a very considerable portion of that unyielding essence,) I have contrived to keep Death from the door, and Despair from the sanctuary of my thoughts. I cannot, in fact, believe that half of those who have the credit (*I should say discredit*) of dying for love have really deserved it. A man fixes his affections on a piece of cold beauty—a morsel of stony perfection—or on one far above him in rank or fortune—or on an equal, who has unfortunately a lover whom she prefers. Well! he becomes melancholy, takes cold upon it, and dies. But this proves nothing; he might have died if his passion had been returned, or if he had never loved at all. The fate of my friend R—— is a case in point. He was deeply enamoured of a very beautiful but adamantine lady, and, as a matter of course, grew very low-spirited and very miserable. He did not long survive; and, as another matter of course, it was given out that he died for love.

As the world seemed to think it sounded better than saying, that his death was occasioned by drinking cold water immediately after walking ten miles under a burning sun, I did not contradict the report, although I had good grounds for so doing, and it became very generally believed. Some aver that Leander died of love, “because,” say they, “if Hero had not been on the other side of the Hellespont he would not have been drowned—*argal*, he died for love.\* These are your primary-cause-men! your wholesale deduction mongers! Now

I am a plain-spoken fellow, and am more apt to draw conclusions—*argal*, I say he died of the cramp, or from being carried away by the rapidity of the stream: although, I know at the same time that this is not the *current* opinion. I am no poet, and therefore take no poetic licences: the romantic *do*; and I am quite willing to let Common Sense decide between us. Let me, however, not be misunderstood; I argue not on the impossibility, but on the folly and inconsistency of dying for love.

That it has occasionally happened I am well aware. I remember Marian T——, when she was as lovely and lively a girl as ever laid a blushing cheek on a snowy pillow, and sank into dreams of innocence and joy. I remember her, too, when the rose was fading from her cheek, and solace and happiness had vanished for ever from her forsaken heart. There was the impress of blighted hope upon her brow—the record of a villain’s faithlessness upon her sunken cheek. Her eye told of long suffering, and her constant but melancholy smile evinced how patiently she endured it. Day by day the hue of mortality waxed fainter; her beautiful form wasted away, and she became at last like a spirit of heaven dwelling among, but scarcely holding communion with, the sons and daughters of the earth. The latter part of her life seemed an abstraction—a dream—an unconsciousness of what was passing around her. The sister of S—— (of S—— who had broken the vows that were pledged with such seeming fidelity to Marian) abhorred her brother’s perfidy, and was fonder than ever of the poor heart-broken girl. She sincerely pitied her—

For pitee renneth sone in gentil herte;

and sought by every means in her power to revive her past energies, and recall her to lost happiness and peace. But it was too late; although

\* See As you like it. Act iv. S. 1.



she complained not, her spirit was broken for ever; and in the effort of raising herself to give a last kiss to her friend, she sunk back and died without a struggle or a sigh. There were some lines in a periodical work, shortly after her death, evidently written by a person acquainted with the parties, which, I think may not improperly be inserted here.

To G— S—.

There's a stain on thee that can never fade,  
Tho' bathed in the mists of future years,  
And this world will be but a world of shade,  
Of sorrow, and anguish, and bitter tears.  
Thou hast seen a flow'et pine away,  
That, lov'd by thee, would have blossom'd fair,  
And thou shalt meet with a worse decay,  
And wither and die in thy soul's despair.

Like the Summer's breath was the gentle tale  
With which thou told'st of thy love and truth,  
But thy falsehood came, like the wintry gale,  
And blighted the flow'et in its youth.  
It has sunk to earth, but nor tear nor sigh  
Has e'er betray'd thy bosom's pain,  
Yet a day will come when thou would'st die  
To call it back from the grave again.

Had'st thou cherish'd it with the smile that won  
Its fadeless love in Spring's blooming hour;  
Had thy love beam'd o'er it like the sun,  
Whose rays are life to the drooping flow'r;  
It had still been fair, and thou had'st now  
Been calm as the lake that sleeps in rest;  
But the ray of Joy shall near light thy brow,  
Nor pleasure dwell in thy lonely breast.

For the lovely one whom thou left'st forlorn,  
A deep deep lament shall be;  
But no heart will sigh, and no bosom mourn,  
And no eye e'er weep for thee.  
Thou wilt pass away to the realms of death  
In solitude and gloom;  
And a curse will cling to thy parting breath,  
As awful as thy doom.

But this, and a few other extreme cases, I consider as mere exceptions to my general rule. Now, supposing, as I have said before, that a man dotes upon a beauty without a heart: What, in the name of reason, should induce him to die for one who does not care a rush for him? There may be others who would have more feeling, and less coquetry, with quite as many personal charms. Or supposing that he is attached to one far above him, either in fortune or rank, or in both. What then! Must he therefore waste away, and become the mere shadow of himself? A child

may long to catch a star as he does a butterfly, or to turn the sun round as he is accustomed to turn his hoop, but his non-success would not, as nurses call it, "be the death of him." Again: let us imagine that a man places his affections on an equal, and that she has a stronger yearning towards another. Still, I say, there is no harm done. Let him think (as I should do) that there may be other females with quite as many outward attractions, and more discernment. I have no notion of dying to please any one. I have had too much trouble to support existence to think of laying it down upon such grounds. I should deem it quite enough to perish for the sake of one who really loved me: for one who did *not*, I should be sorry to suffer a single twinge of the rheumatism, or the lumbago. I have read of a man who actually fancied he was fading away—"a victim to the tender passion;"—but who afterwards discovered that his complaint was caused by abstaining too long from his necessary food. This was a sad fall from the drawing-room window of romance into the area of common sense and real life; but he was forced to make the best of it; so he took his meals oftener and thought no more about it. He afterwards actually became a suitor to another, was married, and now, I have no doubt, thinks just as I do on the subject of dying for love.

Ere I part with you "my readers all!" take notice of these my last words, and farewell directions, which I give in sincerity of heart, and out of anxiety for your welfare. Ye who have never been in love, but who are approaching insensibly towards it—Corydons of sixteen! "Appolines imberbes" come home for the holidays! take heed! Ye are entering on a little unknown and perilous sea. Look to your bark lest she founder. Bring her head round, and scud away before the wind into the port of Indifference. There is danger in the very serenity that sleeps upon the waves: there is faithlessness in the lightest breath that curls them. Ye who are in love—ye who are already

on the deceitful ocean—listen to me !  
Look out for squalls !—Beware of hur-  
ricanes !—Have a care of approach-  
ing storms ! There may be an ene-  
my's ship nearer than you wot of.  
Just give a salute, and sheer off to  
Bachelor's harbour. And ye, the  
last and most pitiable class of all—yet

who fancy yourselves dying for love,  
make a tack ! about ship ! and, above  
all, keep a plenty of good wine a-  
board ; so that when a sigh is rising in  
the throat you may choke it with a  
bumper ; and, in case of tears flowing,  
depend upon it that port will prove the  
best eye-water.

### THE PARTING CHARGE.

I SEE the white sails of thy ship,  
The blue depths of the sea ;  
I hear the wind sweep o'er the wave  
That bears thee, love, from me.  
Thy flag shines in the crimson sun,  
Now setting in the brine :  
That sun will set to-morrow there,  
But light no sail of thine !  
Yet, with to-morrow's evening star,  
Again I'll seek this spot :  
'Twas here I gave my parting charge,  
My last—"FORGET ME NOT !"

Around my neck there is a band,  
'Tis made of thy dark hair :  
Its links guard my heart's dearest prize,  
A broken ring they bear.  
A like pledge hangs upon thy breast,  
The last sweet gift love gave,  
We broke that ring, we twined that hair  
Upon a maiden's grave,  
A girl who died of broken vows—  
(How can love be forgot ?)  
A fitting shrine for faithful hearts  
To sigh—"FORGET ME NOT !"

How can I bear to think on all  
The dangers thou must brave ?  
My fears will deem each gale a storm,  
While thou art on the wave.  
How my young heart will cling to all !  
That breathes of thine or thee !  
How I will plant thy favourite flowers,  
And nurse thy favourite tree !  
And thou ! oh thou ! be shade or shine,  
Or storm or calm thy lot,  
Bear on thy heart our parting words—  
Our fond "FORGET ME NOT !"

Nay, pray thee, Mother, let me gaze  
Upon that distant sail ;  
What matters that my eye is dim,  
Or that my cheek is pale !  
And tell me not 'tis vain to weep  
For him who is away ;  
That sighs nor tears will speed the flight  
Of but a single day :  
It is not that I hope to bring  
My Sailor to our cot,  
But who can say and yet not weep—  
Farewell !—"FORGET ME NOT !"

L. E. L.

### SAILORS SONGS. BY DICK WILLS.\*

THE rose had sipp'd the early dew,  
And balmy sweet perfumed the air,  
When William wept a last adieu  
Upon the bosom of his fair :  
"Farewell ! (he cried,) my lovely Jane,  
Though distant far across the main,  
This heart to thee shall true remain  
Till death its cords shall sever."

The morning breezes swell'd the sail,  
His vessel soon was lost to view ;  
But evening brought the angry gale,  
And vivid lightnings round them flew :  
In vain the billows' force they brave,  
Sinking beneath th' oppressive wave—  
Poor William found a watery grave,  
And bade "Adieu !" for ever.

NED SPLICE was a tar as devoid of all fear  
As e'er swabb'd a deck from the spray of a sea :  
He knew ev'ry rope, and could hand, reef, and steer—  
Book-learning, why, lord, 'twas all dickey to he.  
Our Chaplain could spin out a very fine yarn,  
And bother each man in his mess ;  
Says NED, "My brave boys, if your duty you'd larn,  
'Tis 'Succour a friend in distress.'  
'Ne'er get drunk ! (says the Priest, with a wave of  
his fist ;)

Never swear, never covet another man's prog :  
But see him next day, when he's cheating at  
whist—

My eyes, 'tis a storm in an ocean of grog.  
Says NED, "Them 'ere maxims I don't understand,  
We should practise the thing we profess ;"  
While the pray'r from his heart and the gold from  
his hand  
He gives to a friend in distress.

\* The poet of Greenwich Hospital.



## LATE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

## THE WONDERS OF ELORA. BY CAPT. SEELY.

## POONA.

**T**HE roads leading into the city of Poona are in good repair. One route proceeds by the British residency at the Sangam, the other by a good substantial stone bridge over the Moota river. It was near sunset as I entered Poona; the setting rays of that glorious orb reflecting its beams on the venerable roof of the Parbutti temple, on turreted walls, large white terraced houses, lofty shining spires, and on handsome-looking pagodas, intermingled with Moghul buildings, Hindoo palaces, castles, and gardens, afforded, on a serene evening, an imposing sight to a stranger; while a fine river, running in front of the city, added an interesting feature to the view. This was not lessened upon entering a crowded city, where the objects were as varied in appearance as the external view had been half a mile off, and consisted of large heavy houses, built of stone, more for defence than comfort; many of them painted with representations of peacocks, figures of Ganesa and Hanuman. Shops of all descriptions were seen, having open fronts, with the goods exposed on an inclined platform. The streets narrow, and thronged with people; among whom might be discovered the sedate, decently clad Brahman; the delicate and pretty-featured Hindoo female; the portly, dignified, and handsomely-dressed Mussulman; Arab horsemen completely armed, prancing along upon their fine chargers; Fakeers in a state of nudity; Mahratta foot-soldiers, with sword and buckler; and groups of people from other countries in their various costumes, and with peculiar casts of countenance. In this diversified moving mass we must not forget a few Jews and Portuguese Christians, and occasionally a British Siphanee in his neat undress, on leave of absence for a few hours. This living picture has the addition of state elephants, splendid cavalcades of public officers, decked out with parade and show, accompanied by richly-caparisoned led horses, and

camels trotting along at a quick pace, with rows of little tinkling bells suspended round their necks. If to all this we add crowded markets, religious processions, and bands of noisy musicians, some idea may be formed of the tumult and bustle of the capital city of the Mahratta empire towards evening.

Notwithstanding all the absurd cry at home against the fanaticism and bigotry of the Brahminical character, the Portuguese had a chapel in the centre of Poona; nor were the Mahomedans less favoured, for at the annual festival of the Taābout, in commemoration of the martyrdom of Hussein and Hassan, the Peishwa, in great state, with all his public officers, attended, with every symptom of good will and respect, and even public salutes were fired on the occasion. I have seen the Mahomedans pay respect to the Hindoo processions and worship, and join in the prayers and shouts of the multitude with decorum and friendship.

## FABULOUS HISTORY OF ELORA.

Dhrutarass, a blind and holy man, much favoured by Brāhma, had a son called Couroo, and a brother named Pundoo or Pandoo: it was so ordered, that the uncle and nephew were to govern the world; but it happened they could not settle about their respective sovereignties. They were ordered by a vision to settle the dispute by playing a certain game of hazard; and Pandoo, the uncle of Couroo, lost it. To hide his misfortune, and to obliterate from his mind all ideas of his former power and greatness, he vowed to retreat from the face of mankind, accompanied by his wife Contee. After travelling a great distance, they came to this part of India; the retirement of the place was congenial to their heavy sorrows, and here they fixed themselves. In the course of a few years they begat five sons; these were Yudishteer, Bheem or Bhima, Urjoon or Urzuna, Nacool, and Seyhuder. From a pious motive, and to please the god Crishna, they commenced excavating caverns for religious purposes; and, that the under-

taking might appear miraculous and wonderful to mankind, they entreated the god for a night that might last one year; which request was granted. Bheem, the second son, was the principal assistant, he being amazingly strong, and eating the enormous quantity of one candy and a half of meat during the day (900 lbs.) When the five brothers had finished their excavations, day broke forth; the brothers were then despatched to propagate the wonder; and millions of people flocked from the farthest parts to behold the mighty and favoured family of the Pandoos. Their father Pundoo was removed from this world to a better, for his piety; the sanctity of the brothers, and their supposed influence with the Deity, brought over boundless countries and dominion to their sway: in a short period of time they had seven millions of warriors and fighting men; while others were daily flocking to their standard. They then determined to wage war with their relation Couroo, who, from the length, mildness, and virtues of his reign, was universally beloved by his subjects. Even those that had deserted, and had gone over to the five brothers, from a mistaken notion of their being deified heroes, by the great wonders of the cavern being produced in one night, seceded, and joined Couroo, who called together his faithful followers, and found that his fighting men exceeded eleven millions, eager to repel aggression; but the event of the conflict was disastrous to Couroo, for the brothers had found favour with Crishna (Vishnu), as they had performed great and holy works. So much were they favoured, that Crishna stood before Urzoon while he mounted his charger, and bade him not fear the hosts of Couroo. Thus were the caves of Elora excavated: Visvacarma being the architect employed by the Pandoos.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON ELORA.

The principal object of worship at Elora is the stone so frequently spoken of, the Lingham, of "the changer of things," Māhā Deo (literally the great God), Siva. It is a symbol of him in his generative character; the base is inserted in the Yoni; the Ling is of a

conical shape, and often a black stone, covered with flowers (the *Belia* and *Asaca* shrubs): the flowers hang pendent from the crown of the ling-stone to the spout of the *Argha* or *Yoni*, (mystical matrix :) and not a whit better than the phallus of the Greeks and its ceremonies. Whatever enthusiasts may say to the contrary, this symbol is grossly indecent, and abhorrent to every moral feeling, let the subject be glossed over as it may. Five lamps are commonly used in worship (*Puja*) at this symbol, but frequently one lamp having five wicks. Often the lotos is seen on the top of the Ling. The water that the *Argha* holds (the pedestal in which the Ling is inserted), is emblematical of Vishnu, and the dent or orifice in the frame, (*Yoni*) or rim, is called the navel of Vishnu. How comes it, as we find acknowledged by many, and which Major Moor supports both in his writings and prints, that Brahma sprung from the navel of Vishnu in the cup of the lotos? when it is asserted on the other hand, in Hindoo mythology, that Brahma was the *first* created being, and that Narayana was the spirit, the vivifying, animating, moving, abstract essence, so awfully expressed in our own divine book:

"And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

The gross fables and inapplicable allegories engrafted in *modern* times, have rendered the Hindoo mythology both disgusting and unintelligible. I have every respect for the mythology of the ancients: it is to that we owe science, arts, and history, and like the emblems in heraldry, it speaks a symbolical language. The primitive Brahmins were philosophers and sages; whilst their successors have, to confirm and enslave the minds of the people, rendered a beautiful system of mythology and science vicious and stupid.

Idols, stones, and graven images, are not alone revered by the Hindoos. Trees, shrubs, and pieces of water, are in many places held in veneration: such was the tank, near the village of Elora; hence, probably, arose the celebrity of the place, and the idea of excavating the temples in the neighbourhood. The legend com-



municated to me by the Brahmins was—that Ecloo Rajah, whose father's territories were at Ellichpore, in the neighbouring kingdom of Hyderabad, was in a diseased state, and his body filled with maggots; but by dipping a cloth in the sacred spot, and rubbing it over his body, he was cleansed of the maggots, and a speedy cure effected. It is unnecessary to dwell on this extravagant fable, when it is added that the cistern, or koond, in which Ecloo bathed, was reduced from a large sheet of water, by the *commands of Vishnu*, to the small size of a cow's hoof, and that the event happened 7894 years ago. There is scarcely a chronological event of the Hindoos to which they do not attach some monstrous absurdity to awaken your wonder, but which they themselves implicitly believe. So pleased was Ecloo with his cure, that he instantly set about excavating the temples as a mark of his gratitude and piety. History informs us that Ecloo Raj flourished 930 years ago.

During my stay at Elora I met with no interruption whatever from the residents or visitors at the temples. I had but little intercourse with the village. The small supplies that I required, as milk, grass, rice, &c. were daily sent up to my tent by the *Kutval*, a Brahman, who was the head man of the village. For these necessities he wished to decline payment. The *Baee* (Holkar's Mother) defrayed all charges of pilgrims, &c.; but as I did not exactly come under that denomination, I begged to be under no obligation to her highness's bounty. The good-tempered Brahmin was not to be evaded; he insisted that I had cured several persons by means of my medical skill, and in "dispensations of the most excellent English medicine." If any radical cures were effected, it was by means of a good dose of calomel. One cure was ascribed to me which ought to have been ascribed to nature: it was extracting a long worm (*Narroo*) from the foot between the toes and the instep. I believe they are known to us as the guinea-worm. If they break inside the skin some danger may be apprehended. While they are forming under the skin or membrane, they

cause an excruciating pain. I had once seen a worm extracted: the swelling was brought to head by repeated poulticing, and then delicately perforated, and a small straw worked under the worm, round which with great care by the person performing the operation, he was by the motion of the straw wound round it and extracted. Others of my patients, who were mere hypochondriacs, were cured by a very common medicine in Europe, faith and imagination, which in many disorders and with many persons will kill or cure. Some of my patients I am certain were in this case, as, my dispensary running low, I was fain to substitute pills with little more than flour and water.

#### AURUNGABAD.

The extensive and fertile plains lying between Dowlutabad and Aurungabad, though possessing rich soils, and intersected by many streams, and in the vicinity of an imperial city, might be mistaken for a desert by those accustomed to the rich scenes of England, whose prosperity and security alike dwell together. During my ride I did not meet ten people, nor was a tenth part of the land in cultivation.

At a distance the view of Aurungabad has an imposing effect: lofty minarets peeping out from among groves of trees; the large white domes of mosques, with their gilded points, shining in the sun; a number of large terraced houses rising above the walls of the city, the whole covering a great extent of ground; but, as we approach, a different scene presents itself. After passing a large gateway, we at once enter the city, nearly half of which is in a state of decay and ruin, with a scanty population. It has the sign in every street of fallen greatness, and shows that its prosperity perished with its founder Aurungzebe.

The wall which surrounds Aurungabad is not at all calculated to sustain a regular attack. It is lower than they usually are, with round towers at intervals, and is sufficient for resisting the onset of a predatory body of either horse or foot; but Aurungzebe, in his lifetime, had no occasion to fear a regular attack in his capital: of the future

he thought and cared nought. The divine precept appears to be very fully and generally acted upon by the princes in India—"Sufficient for the day are the evils thereof," and he had enough upon his hands, what with the repeated rebellions of his brothers, and the encroachments of the Mahrattas in the Deccan, to occupy him in his long and turbulent reign.

The streets of Aurungabad are broad, and some few paved. There are many large and good houses in different parts. The public buildings, mosques, and caravanseras, are of a superior construction to those which we generally find in native cities. Gardens and groves of trees, court-yards and fountains, diversify the scene, and ornament the streets. The shops present to view many costly articles of Indian produce, but there is an air of dejection about the whole that tells you the glory of the regal city has fled. A few groups of grave and fine-looking Mussulmans, unoccupied by any thing but idle talk, are seen lounging at different quarters; or here and there one of the better order, clad in his flowing robe, passes you with a stately and measured step, conscious of his manly figure and handsome features. These, and a few solitary Fakeers, are the principal persons met with, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the markets, where some little bustle prevails; otherwise, there is nothing to remind us of an Indian city,—no pomp, no crowded streets, no horsemen, or cavalcades; none of the bustling motions or noisy sounds that proclaim industry, occupation, and prosperity. Partly deserted and partly in ruins, Aurungabad presents a cheerless view to a stranger.

After wandering about some time, a Mussulman very politely explained to me the way to a durrumsalla (caravansera) erected for the accommodation of travellers, that is to say, a place where you are protected from the sun and rain, and may spread your mat and go to sleep. I had had a fatiguing and hot ride, and did not expect my baggage for some time, so that I had nothing to do but to sit upon the edge of the elevated floor of my lodging, my legs dangling down outside the wall of

the terrace (as if they were tired of belonging to me), and to look about and to cogitate on the fallen grandeur of Aurungabad, or, as the natives term it, "to look and think together:" this promised to be my occupation for three hours to come. Do not imagine, reader, that because you have money in your pocket, and are teased with a craving appetite, that you may lay out the one and satisfy the other, by proceeding to a house and enjoying an exquisite banquet, consisting of a fine rump-steak, a cup of ale, and a roasted potatoe:—nothing of the kind in Indian travelling; you must carry every thing with you, to the salt that savours your meat, and must yourself look after the packing, despatch, and arrangement of your marching and household affairs, or your servants will forget or neglect one half of what they ought to do. Fruit may be procured in large towns; but in the heat of the day, after a long ride, it is not advisable to eat any. The parched grain and sweetmeats sold in the streets are both cloying and unpalatable, so that your only resource is patience; and, if you wish to practise that virtue in perfection, make a journey of two or three hundred miles in India, and you will find yourself quite an adept in the observance of it in all its bearings.

The following day was devoted to viewing the city, which consisted in seeing one or two objects of curiosity, that either the munificence or vanity of some former prince has raised in the shape of a tomb, a mosque, or pagoda. A native city possesses few charms or attractions to Europeans accustomed to the variety, arrangement, and beauties of a British city, where at every turning there is some object worthy of notice, to excite admiration or to interest his feelings. On the contrary, there is so much confusion, dirt, and wretchedness, in those cities under the native governments, that a stranger is rather willing to quit it, than, by exploring, only meet with objects that excite in his mind feelings of sorrow and disappointment.

The Hindoo, devoted to gain and superstition, cares but little as long as he increases his hoard and propitiates



his gods; while the Mussulman leads a listless and sensual life, lolling on carpets, eternally smoking, and for the most part of the day locked up in his haram with his women: his days pass on in one unvaried round; there is no society, no public institutions, places of public resort or amusement; he, like the Hindoo, goes through with zeal and earnestness the formularies of his religion, and, like the Hindoo, he knows no one and cares for no one beyond the walls of his own barricaded mansion. With such an example, and in such a state of society, it may be supposed in what an abject state the lower orders remain; they are but mere slaves to the higher ranks. In this state of degradation it is not to be wondered at that their cities present an uniform appearance of meanness, poverty, and ruin. There are but two objects at Aurungabad that deserve a specific notice—the gardens and the tomb, or mausoleum of *Rabea Dooraney*, reported to have been the favourite wife of the Emperor Aurungzebe.

#### CHRISTIAN CONVERSION.

It was partly the topic of conversation among a party of eight highly respectable Hindoos and Mussulmans I met by appointment in the garden-house of the venerable Shah Sāfit; the mildness of whose manners, and the total absence of all bigotry in his conversation, rendered him not only a pleasing, but an instructive, friend.

Upon my mentioning the well-known name of Swartz, the company said that no *real* converts had ever been made; that those who had professed Christianity were men who had lost their caste for crime, or some abomination, and they were glad to become Christians; or that those who were in the very degraded ranks (the Sudra), having nothing to lose by the change, born polluted, and always avoided by the other ranks, would wish to assume another character, and that was always attainable by their becoming Christians; but, even with this wretched people, our success, dishonourable as the converts were, was very trifling; and many, finding that nothing was to be gained by the change,

and that the promises held out to them had not been fulfilled, had relapsed into their former state. "Why," exclaimed Murrane Sing (a Hindoo who was present, and who could read English), "do you not convert the Jews, who live among you, know your virtues, and the excellence of your faith, and whose forefathers knew of the prophecies, and saw the wonders mentioned in your Vedas?" I replied, that they were a stubborn race, and the denunciations against their race had been fulfilled; and I instanced the occasions and times. "This is the more in favour of my argument," replied Murrane; "for if, under the sufferings they have endured, and the accomplishment of the curses threatened them, they still remain obstinate and sinful, how are we to be convinced, much less converted, who know nothing of these signs and wonders of which you speak, and have neither had promises nor threats held out to us, except by *mortals* like ourselves, who may or may not intend well? at least, they have nothing to show us on the contrary but *windy words*." He then referred to Paul, who, he observed, undoubtedly was a prophet, and one whose mission appeared very probable, had made no effect on King Agrippa, who was as civilized as the Hindoos; yet he was not to be persuaded, even though one of the principal propagators of it was present before him: "then how," he added, "am I to be persuaded by those who are neither saints nor prophets?"

The conversation now reverted to Catholics (Catholas), and I was asked by one, possessing much information, why those persons who were British, but of that faith, did not adopt the Protestant creed? I replied, that they were Christians, though some difference existed in the forms of worship. Here my theological reasoning was again set at nought. The Hindoo replied, that the Catholics did not permit the reading of the Bible, for reasons which he well knew; that they worshipped images, which our Scriptures forbid; that they had pilgrimages like the Hindoos, and holy water; but, what was more

than all, they had in their history mortal men, who sinfully presumed to have performed miracles which belonged alone to the only God Bhagavān! Here he drew his sleeve over his mouth, and made three low reverences; and then exclaimed aloud, "Forgive me, forgive me, forgive me, for the crime of repeating His holy name! Now, sir," said he, "which is best: we poor Hindoos, who have *not* been taught other things from on high; or your people, who have, but still disregard them?" Of course I did not think it necessary to remind him of our Lady of Loretto, and the liquefactions of St. Januarius' blood, nor of our burnings in Smithfield; neither was I then informed of the miracles of Prince Hohenlohe, nor had I heard that the waters of the Jordan were held as sacred by M. Chateaubriand as the Hindoos hold those of the Ganges. At that time, too, the worthy matron, Joanna Southcote, was unknown. I had no inclination, either, to revert to the many gross superstitions prevalent in many parts of England; of the sale of children's caul, &c.; nor had I the impudence to tell him, that I could tell his character and disposition by examining his skull!

Indeed, it was unnecessary to remind him of our superstitions and absurdities; for he slyly enjoined, "Now, my young friend, *you*, who are *Protestants*—why do you not perform your worship duly and zealously? The nearest temple you have is at Bombay. Your European soldiers have no spiritual instructor. No, sir! I speak it in humility, you care little about your *own* religion; come to India with a box of clothes, take home a box full of money, and think you do a very meritorious act in subscribing a few rupees to convert *us*, and bring us to salvation, though apparently regardless of your own. "This," he continued, "is very pious and very generous; but, believe me, before we give up the faith of our forefathers, a religion much older than yours, we must see you fulfil the doctrines it inculcates, and observe its ordinances; neither must you wonder if we require signs

and wonders to convince us. But who are the persons sent out, and by whom? Are they men of great learning, great science, and great abilities? I have heard not; and further, that your government (Sircar), and the bishops (Burra Padrees), do not generally support the attempted reformation. Is this true, sir?" I replied, there was some difference of opinion existing in England on the subject. "Then," rejoined the Hindoo, "if that difference in opinion exists among Christians themselves, you may be assured there is none with us. Our lives are moral, the Almighty blesses us as he does you; our Scriptures contain an excellent moral code, and we are taught to be virtuous and good; we rigidly act up to our faith, and are neither hypocrites, nor deceivers, nor tyrants; but are good men, and to you, sir, good subjects."

The generality of missionaries sent to India have not the smallest chance of success with the learned natives of India. With the Bible in his hand, and abundance of zeal, the missionary stalks forth into fields and villages, expecting that his well-meaning exhortations, and the pious examples he sets, is to convert the heathen. Nothing can be more fallacious. They are great idlers, and would, for the sake of gossiping, of which they are immoderately fond, run after, visit, and listen to a missionary; but as to what they have heard, or what they may have received, it has as much effect upon their mind as the passing breeze. They are, as before observed, polite and decorous in their behaviour to strangers; they will make professions, for they are adepts at dissimulation, and perfect at flattery. I have seen a Hindoo most devoutly listen to a discourse, beg a tract, and, on his return to the village, leave it on the threshold of the door of the temple, and fall down with his forehead on the floor, and worship the image of that ugly fellow Ganesa! On my expostulating once on this impropriety with a convert, he replied, "My father did the same, and he was more prosperous than I am. The hopes and promises held out to me by the Padree (clergy-



man) have not been fulfilled; and one of your Burra Sāhibs (great men) has lately broken a commandment (alluding to a *crim. con.* just taken place, happily an event of rare occurrence in India); so, why may not I? Besides which," he added, "Ganesa is offended with me; and I will both pray to Ganesa, and listen to the Padree!"

I should consider myself guilty of great dissimulation and dishonour, did I not repeat with fidelity the ideas of the superior orders of the natives; for, till those persons are perfectly and radically converted, there is as little pro-

bability or possibility of the inferior orders following, as there is of the disciples of St. Peter at Rome giving up the Roman Catholic faith. Far easier would be the task of converting the multitude in England to any particular faith than the Hindoos. No people in the world have such deep-rooted and inveterate prejudices as them; and never were a people, whose conversion was attempted, ever attacked with weaker weapons, or more unfit assailants, than those employed at the present day.

### VARIETIES.

Original Anecdotes, Literary News, Chit Chat, Incidents, &c.

*Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty.*

#### EPITAPHS.

We moderns are perhaps inferior to our ancestors in nothing more than in our epitaphs. The rules, nevertheless, for making a good epitaph, are exceedingly simple. You should study a concise, brief, and piquant diction; you should state distinctly the most remarkable points in the character and history of the defunct, avoiding, of course, the error into which Pope so often fell, of omitting the name of the individual in your verses, and leaving it to be tagged to the tail or beginning of the piece, with a separate and prosaic "*hic jacet.*" Thirdly, there should be, if possible, some improvement of the subject—some moral or religious or patriotic maxim,—which the passenger carries with him, and forgets not. I venture to present, as a happy specimen, the following, which is taken from a tomb-stone in Winchester church-yard, and which tradition ascribes to a late venerable prelate of that see, Dr. Hoadley:—

"Private John Thoms lies buried here,  
Who died of drinking cold small beer:—  
Good Christian! drink no beer at all,  
Or, if you will drink beer, don't drink it small."

Nothing can exceed the nervous pith and fine tone of this, both in the narrative and the didactic parts. It is really a gem, and confers honour on the Bishop—on whom, by the way, a clever enough little epitaph was written shortly after his death by a brother

Whig and D. D. Bishop Hoadley was, in this doctor's opinion, an heretical scribe, and his monument encroached too much on one of the great pillars of the Cathedral.

"Here lying Hoadley lies, whose book  
Was feebler than his bier.—  
Alive, the Church he fain had shook,  
But undermines it here.

#### ROASTING.

Of late they have got into a trick of serving up a roasted pig without his usual concomitants. I hate the innovating spirit of this age; it is my aversion, and will undo the country. Always let him appear erect on his four legs, with a lemon in his mouth, a sprig of parsley in his ear, his trotters bedded on a lair of sage. One likes to see a pig appear just as he used to do upon the board of a Swift, a Pope, an Arbuthnot. Take away the customs of a people, and their identity is destroyed.

"TRUTH LIES AT THE SURFACE."

There is not a truer saying in this world, than that truth lies on the surface of things. The adage about its lying in a well was invented by some solemn old ass, some "passymeasures pagan," as Sir Toby Belch calls him, who was ambitious of being thought deep, while, in point of fact, he was only muddy. Nothing that is worth having or knowing, is recondite or difficult to be discovered. Go into a ball-room, and your eye will in three seconds light (and fix) on the beauty. Ask

the stupidest host in the world to bring you the best thing he has in his house, and he will, without doubt, set a bottle of claret forthwith on your table. Ask the most perfect goose of a bookseller who is the first poet in the world, and he will name Shakspeare. I have never been able to understand the advantage of hard study, deep researches, learned investigations, &c. &c. Is there any really good author lying concealed anywhere among the litter of lumber ransacked only by the fingers of the Bibliomaniacs? Is there anything equal to punch, with which the drinking public in general remains unacquainted? I think not. I therefore take things easy.

#### DRAM-DRINKING.

There are *two* kinds of drinking which I disapprove of—I mean dram-drinking, and port-drinking. I talk of the drinking of these things in great quantities, and habitually. I have many reasons that I could render for the disgust that is in me, but I shall be contented with one. These potables taken in this way, fatally injure a man's personal appearance. The drinker of drams becomes either a pale, shivering, blue-and-yellow-looking, lank-chopped, miserable, skinny animal, or his eyes and cheeks are stained with a dry, fiery, dusky red, than which few things can be more disgusting to any woman of real sensibility, and true feminine delicacy of character. The port-drinkers, on the other hand, get blowsy about the chops, have trumpets of noses, covered with carbuncles, and acquire a muddy look about the eyes. As for dram-drinking, I think nobody ought to indulge in it except a man under sentence of death, who wishes to make the very most of his time, and who knows that, let him live never so quietly, his complexion will inevitably be quite spoilt in the course of the week.—*Blackwood.*

In helping a lady to wine, *always* fill the glass to the very brim; for custom prevents them from taking many glasses at a time; and I have seen cross looks when the rule has been neglected by young and inexperienced dandies.—*Ib.*

#### FASHION.

The King, if Sir Thomas Lawrence's last and best picture of him may be believed, wears, when dressed for dinner, a very short blue surtout, trimmed with a little fur, and embroidered in black silk upon the breast, and all about the button holes, &c.—black breeches and stockings, and a black stock. I wish to call general attention to this, in the hopes of seeing his Majesty's example speedily and extensively adopted. The modern *coat* is the part of our usual dress, which has always given most disgust to the eye of people of taste; and I am, therefore, exceedingly happy to think, that there is now a probability of its being entirely exploded. The white neckcloth is another abomination, and it also must be dismissed. A blue surtout, and blue trowsers richly embroidered down the seams, form the handomest dress which any man can wear within the limits of European costume.

#### SMOKING.

Mediocrity is always disgusting, except, perhaps, mediocrity of stature in a woman. Give me the *Paradise Lost*, the *Faerie Queen*, the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, that I may feel myself elevated and ennobled; give me *Endymion*, or the *Flood of Thessaly*, or *Pye's Alfred*, that I may be tickled and amused. But on no account give me an eminently respectable poem of the Beattie or Campbell class, for that merely sets one to sleep. In like fashion, give me, if you wish to make me feel in the heaven of heavens, a *hookat*. There is no question that this is the *Paradise Gained* of the smoker.—But, if you cannot give me that, give me a *segar*: with which whoso is not contented deserves to inhale sixteen pipes of *assasfetida per diem in secula seculorum*. What I set my face against is the vile mediocrity of a *pipe*, properly so called. No pipe is *cleanly* but the common Dutch clay, and that is a great recommendation, I admit: but there is something so hideously absurd in the appearance of a man with a clay pipe in his mouth, that I rather wonder anybody can have courage to present himself in such a position.



The whole tribe of *meerschaums*, &c. are filthiness itself. These get saturated with the odious oil of the plant, and are, in fact, poisonous. The only way in which you can have a pipe at once gay-looking and cleanly, is to have a glass tube within it, which can be washed with water immediately after use; but then the glass gets infernally hot. On the whole, unless you be a grandee, and can afford to have a servant expressly devoted to the management of your smoking concerns, in which case a *hookah* is due to yourself, the best way is to have nothing but segars.—*Blackw.*

## SEGARS.

The Havana segar is unquestionably at the head. You know it by the peculiar beauty of the firm, brown, smooth, delicately-textured, and soft leaf, and, if you have anything of a nose, you can never be deceived as to its odour, for it is a perfect *bouquet*. The Chinese cheroots are the next in order; but the devil of it is, that one can seldom get them, and then they are almost always dry beyond redemption. The best Chinese cheroots have a delicate greyish tinge; and, if they are not complete sticks, put them into an air-tight vessel with a few slices of good juicy melon, and, in the course of a few hours, they will extract some humidity from their neighbours. Some people use a sliced *apple*, others a *carrot*, either of which may do when a melon is not to be had, but that is the real article, when attainable. As to all the plans of moistening segars by means of tea-leaves, rum-grog, &c. they are utterly absurd, and no true smoker ever thinks of them. Manilla segars occupy the third station in my esteem, but their enormous size render them inconvenient. One hates being seen sucking away at a thing like a walking-cane.

No real smoker uses any of these little knick-knackereries they sell under the name of segar-tubes, and the like of that. The chief merit of the thing is the extreme gentleness and delicacy with which the smoke is drawn out of the leaf by the loving and animated contact, and eternally varying play and pressure of that most wonderful piece

of refined mechanism, the lip of man; whereas, if you are to go to work upon a piece of silver, ivory, horn, wood, or whatever these concerns are made of, you lose the whole of this, and, indeed, you may as well take a pipe at once.

—  
“A DEED DONE HAS AN END.”

*Italian proverb.*

This is one instance, among many in Italian history, of the great influence of proverbs in the affairs of that people. The two families of the Amadei and the Uberti, from a dread of the consequences, long suspended the revenge they meditated on the younger Buondelmonte, for the affront he had put upon them in breaking off his match with a young lady of their family, and marrying another. At length Moscha Lamberti, suddenly rising, exclaimed, in two proverbs, that ‘Those who considered every thing would never conclude on any thing!’ closing with the proverbial saying—*Cosa fatta capo ha!* “a deed done has an end!” This sealed the fatal determination, and was long held in fatal remembrance by the Tuscans, as the cause and beginning of the bloody factions of the Guelphs and the Ghibbellins. Dante has immortalized the energetic expression in a scene of the *Inferno*:

----- Then one

Maim'd of each hand, uplifted in the gloom  
The bleeding stumps, that they, with gory spots,  
Sullied his face, and cried—“Remember thee  
Of Moscha too—I who, alas! exclaim'd,  
‘The deed once done, there is an end’—that prov'd  
A seed of sorrow to the Tuscan's race.”

Milton, too, adopted this celebrated Italian proverb; when deeply engaged in writing “The Defence of the People,” and warned that it might terminate in his blindness, he resolutely concluded his work, exclaiming, although the fatal prognostication had been accomplished, *Cosa fatta capo ha!*

JUST AS IT FALLS, QUOTH THE WOOPER  
TO THE MAID.—*Scotch.*

Kelly gives a ludicrous account of the origin of this saying. A courtier went to woo a maid; she was dressing supper with a drop at her nose; she

asked him if he would stay all night; he answered, Just as it falls: meaning, if the drop fell among the meat he would be off; if it fell by, he would stay.

"AS FINE AS CREDITON SPINNING."

*Devonshire proverb.*

As a proof of the fineness of Crediton spinning, it is related that one hundred and forty threads of woollen yarn, spun in that town, were drawn together through the eye of a tailor's needle; which needle and threads were to be seen for many years in Watling-street, London, in the shop of one Dunscombe, at the sign of the Golden Bottle. The discoveries, however, of Watt and Arkwright, have enabled the manufacturers of the present day far to excel ancient Crediton in the fineness of spinning.

"He that gives his goods before he be dead,  
Take up a mallet and knock him on the head."

Taken from the history of one John Bell, who, having given all his substance to his children, was by them neglected: after he died there was found a mallet with this inscription:—

I, John Bell, leaves here a mell, the man to fell,  
Who gives all to his bairns, and keeps nothing to  
himself.

"A WELCH BAIT."—*Welch.*

A short stop, but no refreshment. Such baits are frequently given by the natives of the principality to their keffels, or horses, particularly after climbing a hill.

"A KENT-STREET DISTRESS."—*Surrey.*

A mode of distress formerly practised on the poor inhabitants of Kent-street; on non-payment, the rent collectors took away the doors of the defaulters.

"HE MAY REMOVE MORT-STONE."

*Devonshire.*

A saying of one who is master of his wife. Mort stone is a huge rock that blocks up the entrance into Mort's Bay in this county, which, it is fabled cannot be removed but by a man thoroughly master of his wife.

"WHEN DO YOU FETCH THE FIVE  
POUNDS?"—*Dorsetshire.*

A gibe at Poolites. A rich merchant of Poole is said to have left five pounds, to be given every year, to set

up any man who had served his apprenticeship in that town, on condition that he should produce a certificate of his honesty, properly authenticated. The bequest, it is said, has not yet been claimed; and it is a common water joke to ask the crew of a Poole ship; 'Whether any one has yet received the five pounds?'

"JOHN O'GROAT'S HOUSE."

Every one is familiar with the name and situation of this celebrated building, but few Southrens are acquainted with its origin. Its history is interesting:—

"John O'Groat's House is a memorable place, in the parish of Canisbay, in Caithness, in Scotland, which, perhaps, owes its fame less to the circumstances of its local situation, at the northern extremity of the island, than to an event which it may not be improper to relate, as it inculcates an useful lesson of morality. In the reign of James IV. of Scotland, three brothers, Malcolm, Gavin, and John de Groat, supposed to have been originally from Holland, arrived in Caithness, with a letter from that Prince, recommending them to the countenance and protection of his loving subjects in the county of Caithness. These brothers purchased some land near Dungisbayhead, and in a short time, by the increase of their families, eight different proprietors of the name of Groat possessed these lands in equal divisions. These eight families have lived peaceably and comfortably for a number of years, established an annual meeting to celebrate the anniversary of the arrival of their ancestors on the coast. In the course of the festivity on one of these occasions, a question arose respecting the right of taking the door, the head of the table, and such points of precedence, each contending for the seniority and chieftainship, which increased to such a degree as would probably have proved fatal in its consequences, had not John de Groat, who appears to have acquired great knowledge of mankind, interfered. He expatiated on the comfort they had heretofore enjoyed, owing to the harmony which had subsisted among them; he assured them that as soon as they appeared to quarrel, their neighbours, who had till then treated them with respect, would fall upon them, and expel them the country. He therefore earnestly requested them, by the ties of blood and their mutual safety, to return quietly to their several homes, and pledged himself that he would satisfy them on all points of precedence, and prevent the possibility of such disputes at their future anniversary meetings; they all acquiesced, and departed in peace. In due time John de Groat, to fulfil his engagement, built a room distinct from all other houses, in an octagon figure, with eight doors, and having placed a table of oak of the same shape in the middle; when the next meet-



ing took place, he desired each of them to enter by his own door, and to sit at the head of the table, he himself occupying the last. By this ingenious contrivance, the harmony and good humour of the company was restored. The building was then named John O'Groat's House; and though nothing remains but the foundation of the building, the place still retains the name, and deserves to be remembered for the intentions and good sense which gave it origin.

"JEMMY DAWSON."

Shenstone's pathetic and affecting ballad of *Jemmy Dawson* is founded in truth, and was taken from a narrative first published in *The Parrot* of the 2nd of August 1740, three days after the transaction it records. It is given in the form of a letter, and it is as follows:—

"A young lady of a good family and handsome fortune had for some time extremely loved, and was equally beloved by Mr. James Dawson, one of those unhappy gentlemen who suffered on Wednesday last, at Kensington Common, for high treason; and had he either been acquitted, or have found the Royal mercy after condemnation, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of their marriage.

"I will not prolong the narrative by any repetition of what she suffered on sentence being passed on him; none, excepting those utterly incapable of feeling any soft or generous emotions, but may easily conceive her agonies; beside, the sad catastrophe will be sufficient to convince you of their sincerity.

"Not all the persuasions of her kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution; she was determined to see the last of a person so dear to her, and accordingly followed the sledges in a hackney-coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend. She got near enough to see the fire kindled which was to consume the heart she knew was so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without betraying any of those emotions her friends apprehended; but when all was over, and that she found he was no more, she threw her head back into the coach, and ejaculating, 'My dear, I follow thee! I follow thee! Lord Jesus! receive both our souls together,' fell upon the neck of her companion, and expired the very moment she had done speaking.

"The excessive grief which the force of her resolution had kept smothered within her breast, is thought to have put a stop to the vital motion, and suffocated at once all the animal spirits."

LIEUT. JOSEPH FRASER.

Died at Edinburgh, lately, Lieut. Fraser, of the 87th regiment of foot. Lieut. Fraser entered at the youthful age of sixteen. He passed with approbation through the grades from private to officer in the short space of eight years. His signal bravery at the taking of the Cape of Good Hope in-

duced the commanding officer to report him for an officer's commission; for he was one of the party of thirty, who, on that occasion, volunteered to storm a battery, and the only one of the party who survived (but not unwounded) the capture of it. His death was premature, at the age of 42.

A VIRTUOSO.

At Inspruck is to be seen a boot, which it is said belonged to CHARLES XII. The boot is the property of an Exciseman, who conceives it to be of the greatest value. An Englishman offered to fill it with guineas to become its possessor. He then had he said the babouches of MAHOMET II. the sandals of CARACALLA, the slippers of Charles IX. and the boot straps of CROMWELL.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

Some time ago a poor woman labouring under temporary derangement, hung herself in her own house. As soon as her husband was aware of her situation, he set off in search of a medical man, leaving his unfortunate wife suspended by the neck, and giving strict injunctions that she should not be meddled with till he returned. A number of persons collected in consequence of the alarm, among whom was a man who had tasted the "barley-bree," who bawled out—"Why don't you cut the woman down?" When several females immediately replied—"Ye drunken brute, wou'd you put a finger on her, when her gude man's awa' for a doctor." They nevertheless cut her down, but too late to save her life.

APPALLING ACCIDENT.

On Tuesday se'night, Mr. Ross, a respectable farmer, residing at Waterfowl, in Bramar, accompanied by a gentleman from Aberdeen and a guide, mounted to the summit of Lochnager, to enjoy the view from that stupendous height. The party had begun to descend, when Mr. Ross requested one of them to hold his pony, while he returned to survey a particular spot overlooking Lochgar. After waiting for some time, the gentlemen became alarmed; and on going back they discovered, dreadful to relate, that he had fallen from the cliff, which was here above 300 feet perpendicular height. It appeared that, in falling, he had struck against a projecting part of the rock, about fifty yards from the top, a part of his skull being found there; and it was with difficulty his mangled remains could be gathered together at the bottom of the cliff. It is impossible to say how the lamentable accident happened; but it is supposed that a stone had tripped his foot in going round the edge of the precipice, which at the part where he fell, branches off from the usual track taken by travellers.

A CLUB OF WATER DRINKERS.

In a small town in Lancashire a Society has been established whose tenets are of a singularly primitive character. The party consists of eight or ten members, all well acquainted with each other, all of whom are excellently initiated in the art of smoking.

It is a law with them as sacred as those of the Medes and Persians, to allow no fluid to assist in their festive rites but the pure drink of nature, and it is really a most amusing spectacle to behold these sober worthies passing away the afternoon of each day in the occupation of smoking round an old oak table, the chief duty of which is to sustain a huge pitcher of water whence they all indulge by turns in copious libations, with the same apparent satisfaction, that we are in the habit of seeing result from a similar vessel of good home-brewed ale.

#### JACK ASHORE.

On Tuesday last, as a party of seamen belonging to His Majesty's ship *Salisbury*, just arrived from the Halifax station, were walking up Point-street, Portsmouth, rather elated with a heavy wet, a bull, which had escaped from the King's slaughter-house came running towards the jolly Tars, with his tail erect in the air, when all the men jumped out of his way except one, and he being an immense sturdy fellow, stood in the street directly in the way of the bull, and hailed him in the following words—"Bull, ahoy! Bull, ahoy! I cry: Drop your peak, and put your helm a starboard, or you'll run aboard of me." The bull continuing his course, came in contact with Jack, and capsized him: but Jack not being intimidated, sprung from the ground, and shaking his clothes, very good-naturedly observed to the bull, "Oh you lubberly beast, I told you how it would be."

#### NEW RELIGIOUS SECT.

About the village of Millbrook, a considerable sect, named *Bryanites*, has lately sprung up, whose teachers claim not only the power of casting out devils, but pretend to possess a still more dangerous power—the power of seeing into the future world, and ascertaining the lot of the inmates thereof. In the application of this power, they of course see all those who think as they think in Paradise, while all those who do not belong to their persuasion, or who leave their association, are seen amidst hell torments; by which means the simple are gained and the doubting alarmed and bound to their creed. Some distressing instances of the effect of these anathemas have occurred. In the midst of their religious meetings they are caught in trances, when males and females are all huddled together and thrown into a dark cellar, where the remain till a spirit moves them. One of the fraternity having fallen dangerously ill, his wife, not one of them, sent for the clergyman of the parish to read prayers for the sick by him. This the clergyman went readily to perform; but upon his arrival, his entrance was opposed by a man decent in his appearance, judging from his dress, who assured him that he was too late; that all was over, and the devil dislodged from the sick man. I saw him (the devil) myself, said the Bryanite pastor, come out of the man, pass through this window, fly over the house, and next

over the adjoining heights, to his proper abode; and my brother, added he, is now watching at the bed side of the defunct, lest Satan return by stealth and enter him again. The clergyman, notwithstanding every effort made to get into the house, believing the man to be, as he really was, still alive, was compelled to give up the attempt, and next day, before he returned the poor man had actually expired.

#### ON WEARING FLANNEL.

For more than twenty years the language of the prophet (Ezekiel, xliv.) has occasionally engrossed my attention upon this subject. The prohibition is thus worded:—"They shall not gird themselves with wool that causeth sweat." Although Palestine and Babylon are regions many degrees nearer the equinoctial line than *Brilannia Magna*, I think we need not restrict the precept to those limits. What everybody says must be true. The universal rage for wearing flannel next the skin made me try it; for who would be singular at the expense of his health? I do not know what I might wear in the Arctic regions; but in my routine of practice, I have observed that those who continue the use of flannel in immediate contact with the skin, are more susceptible of catarrh and quinsy than others. I have so long noticed the fact, that with me it admits of no doubt. Ten years ago, I was called in to Mr. D—, of Aldgate, to pass an opinion upon a very disagreeable and troublesome eruption. Upon inspecting the eruption, which covered the whole body and chest, I observed that he was encased with an armour of flannel, steeped with inspissated perspiration. My olfactory nerves were saluted by the foetid exhalations, which had no means of escape. I exclaimed, "My good Sir, I would not submit to such purgatory for all the Cardinals in Italy: all this is self-procured; get into the hot bath, and put on a new flannel waistcoat over your linen." My patient was shortly well and often thanks me for my advice.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Colonel Leicester Stanhope is, we hear, preparing a publication on the actual state of Greece in 1828-4.

Mr. Soane is employed upon a History of Art, and Biography of its Professors.

"Tales of Irish Life" will, we are assured, appear on the first of November, with illustrations; by Mr. George Cruikshank, engraved by Messrs Thompson, Hughes and Bonner, in their best style.

A small volume entitled "Suicide and its Antidotes," by the Rev. Solomon Pigott, Rector of Dunstable, and author of various works, will soon appear.

Mr. Dupin says, the number of our harbours, docks, piers, and lighthouses, extend over more than 600 leagues of coast; our canals in length 1000 leagues; our roads 46,000 leagues; and that even the pipes for conveying gas and water through the streets of London reach to 400 leagues.



